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"Cathedral Stones"
And Other Discourses

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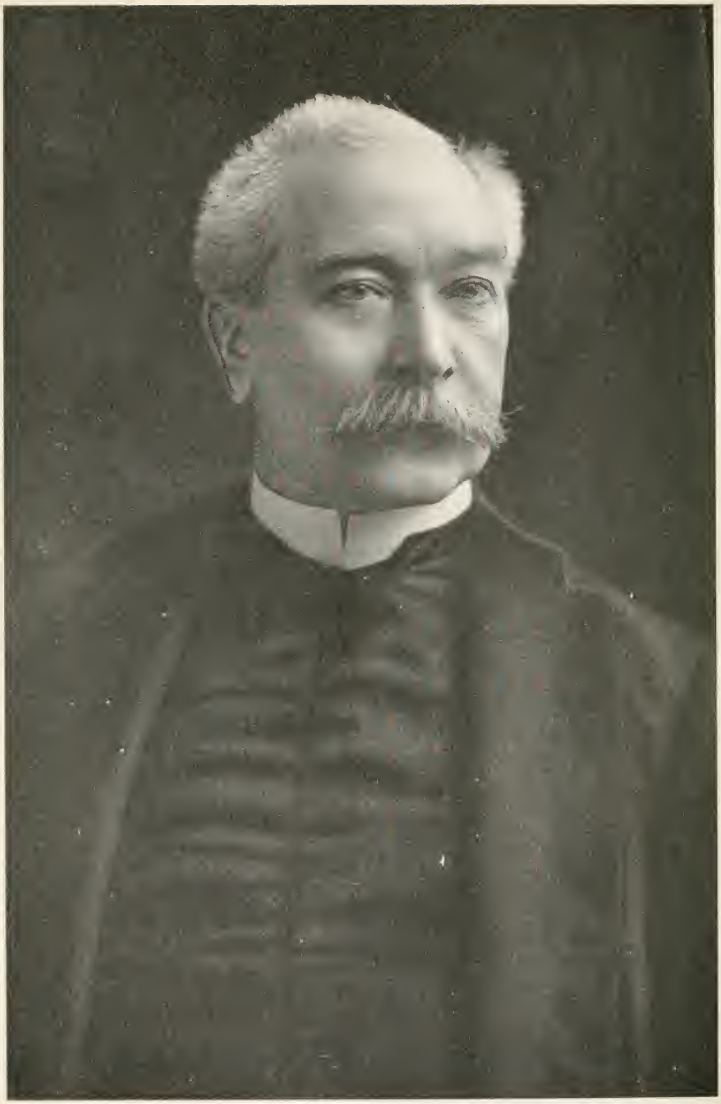

Spencer S. Roche

Cathedral Stones

And Other Discourses

By

SPENCER SUMMERFIELD ROCHE S.T.D.

Sometime Chancellor of
The Cathedral of the Incarnation
Garden City, New York

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Memorial Minute

Adopted by

The Cathedral Chapter

WOR4 FEB'36

The Chapter of the Cathedral of the Incarnation, Diocese of Long Island, realizes with unfeigned sorrow the decease of

Spencer Summerfield Roche

Priest and Doctor, and sometime Chancellor of the Capitular Body, who fell on sleep on the morning of March sixth, nineteen hundred and sixteen.

Dr. Roche entered the Chapter in the year 1887, and for nineteen years he was its honored Chancellor.

During his long tenure the office suffered no loss of dignity or of efficiency, for he constantly followed the best traditions of the Cathedral, proving himself to be a worthy successor of the eminent Churchmen who preceded him.

Unspoiled by wealth of privilege, he was loyal to his relationships and their obligations.

Graduating magna cum laude from Columbia University, and admitted into the Phi Beta Kappa Society, he continued his studies at the Union Seminary, where he graduated in 1873, and at the General Theological Seminary, where he graduated in 1874. In due course he received Holy Orders in this diocese, which was destined to be the scene of his labors until the last. After a brief curacy at Grace Church, Brooklyn Heights, he became Rector of St. Mark's Church, Adelphi Street, where, during a pastorate of seven and thirty years, he gave his best without stint and with monumental fidelity. Less than four years ago he was called to residence at Garden City in order that the Cathedral community might be enriched by his ministrations.

It was the habit of this consecrated man to make every occasion of duty an important function, having studiously schooled him-

self to bestow punctilious attention upon all items, small and great, with which he was called upon to deal.

Conscientiousness, painstaking diligence, and unfailing devotion were embodied in his rule of life, and they well became the accomplished Christian gentleman that he always was in spirit, in speech, in manner and in manners.

Very richly does he deserve to be held in grateful remembrance by the Chapter, for he was ardently concerned with all the interests of the Cathedral, animated ever by the finest chivalry for its schools, its missions, and for all else that is included within the range of its manifold activity.

In view of his worth and work the Chapter pauses to express its sense of personal and official bereavement by reason of his death, and also to acknowledge its wholehearted appreciation of the shining virtues and graces so abundantly evidenced by

him in addressing every task with which he was engaged.

The Chapter hereby orders that this Memorial Minute shall be spread upon the record, and, further, that a suitably engrossed copy of the same, together with the respectful condolences of the members, shall be forwarded to the family of the late Chancellor.

Members of the Cathedral Chapter

FREDERICK BURGESS — CHARLES STEWART BUTLER
DANIEL WHITFORD — CLINTON D. BURDICK
HENRY C. SWENTZEL — WILLIAM M. BALDWIN
PAUL F. SWETT — GEORGE W. BENTON
ROY FARREL DUFFIELD

March 20, 1916

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I

"CATHEDRAL STONES"

I

"CATHEDRAL STONES"

(Preached in St. Mark's Church at the unveiling of mural fragments from Glastonbury, Gloucester, Hereford, Canterbury, and Westminster.)

"What mean ye by these stones?"—Joshua IV:6.

The erection of monuments to commemorate notable achievements is as old as the history of the race. The divine sanction is here given to the custom. Israel entering the promised land by walking on the bed of the River Jordan, was to place a heap of stones that would perpetuate the teachings of the event. The River Jordan by the command of Jehovah was dried up to assure the people once more, as at the Red Sea where the waters were parted and Pharaoh was overthrown, that the divine favor was with them. Picture the scene: Descending from the uplands which lay to the east of Jordan, and leaving the groves of acacia, they reached the river's brink. It was the spring of the year and the river was at

its flood, the waters reaching to the tangled thicket growth on either bank. As the priests advanced with the Ark, the swelling tide was stayed. In the striking words of Dean Stanley: "High up the river as far as the parts of Kirjath-jearim, thirty miles above the place of the encampment, the waters stood, and rose up as if in a barrier or heap, as if congealed, and the waters that descended toward the sea of the desert, the salt sea, failed and were cut off." Almost from the Sea of Tiberias to the Dead Sea, Jordan's channel lay open. By the banks the sedge and pebbles appeared, while in the muddy bottom amid stream ancient boulders were uncovered. Where the deepest tides had rushed, now stood the priests uplifting the Ark of the Tabernacle, their feet in the ooze or sand. To their right as they looked westward to their new home, Jordan's billows were restrained; to their left rushed the people tumultuous, fearful lest the strange control of the river should suddenly cease. As their eyes lighted on the priests and the Ark, and they thought these must be carried down first, they regained confidence. The army, the women, the children, the sick and lame, with their herds and flocks, all crossed safely. Once more Jehovah had fulfilled his promise, and the tribes had conquered fear.

Of this event Jehovah commanded that there should be a memorial. The twelve chiefs of tribes were told to take each from the channel of the Jordan, a stone, and to bear it aloft on their shoulders before the priests, as they left the river bed. Lying unseen for ages and this day exposed to the sun, these stones were to be built together into a monument on the high ground west of the Jordan. Right there at Gilgal was the first spot pronounced "Holy" in the new land, and there the Tabernacle stood till it was taken to Shiloh. How long did this cairn remain? We cannot say, but scholars remind us that fourteen hundred years later, John the Baptist was preaching in Judea at Bethabara, the place where the people had passed over, as he baptized the people unto repentance. It may have been this very historic pile he pointed to when he said, "God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham." What we do know is that God appointed these twelve stones to remain for the children's children of these wanderers, in order that the lesson of His everlasting faithfulness to His promises, might sound on through coming generations.

So we, entering on our celebration of the sixtieth year, place five stones beside our Font and Pulpit. Like those on the bottom of the

Jordan, they are in themselves eloquent memorials. They have intrinsic meaning. Instead of being buried beneath a river's waves, they have been for centuries in the walls of certain of the most renowned churches in Christendom. They were secured by the Rector during a visit to England in the summer of 1906. He personally obtained each fragment. Let me first speak of their physical properties; then of their historical suggestions; then of their prophetic teachings. The stone from Glastonbury Abbey has a rough, rectangular form, something like five inches in length by three inches in width. It is heavy, indurated, having been long exposed to the elements. On one side is a deep groove, perhaps a mason's device to secure the stone in cement. The stone from Gloucester Cathedral is triangular, with a sharp edge at the back, rudely axform, having on the face two flat grooves as if scraped or tooled in the rough, soft, gritty, white-yellow sandstone. The stone from Hereford Cathedral is quite hard, blue-gray, flat, having one side smooth, the other rough. It appears to be a fine conglomerate. The stone from Westminster Abbey is larger than the others, and forms a rounded volute, or molding, or cornice. The face is weatherstained but not like the Glastonbury stone, this being simply

blackened with London soot and fog, the stone underneath remaining smooth. In texture this stone resembles that from Gloucester, a yellow, coarse sandstone, almost chalky, a fine dust coming off wherever the hand touches the newly-broken surface. From Canterbury we have a fragment of reddish tile, with two smooth sides, one foot-worn.

Now for a little history. The Abbey of Glastonbury, Somerset, England, represented to-day by a few crumbling walls, is so old that its beginning is clouded with fable. It was certainly one of the spots where the Gospel was earliest preached in England. Mr. Freeman says: "It is on any showing, a tie between the Briton and the Englishman, between the older Christianity of our island and the newer, the one church of the first rank which lived through the storm of English conquest, which passed into the hands of our victorious fathers as a trophy of victory, undestroyed and unplundered." The monks declared that the first church of Glastonbury was a little wattled or thatched building, erected by Joseph of Arimathea as the leader of the twelve apostolic missionaries sent over to Briton from Gaul by St. Philip. About one hundred and sixty years later, two missionaries were sent by Pope Eleutherius to the British king, Lucius.

These established a monastery, where three hundred years later, St. Patrick introduced a very strict rule. In the eighth century, the great West Saxon King, Ine, greatly enlarged the monastery. When the Danes invaded England the church suffered, but it was nobly restored by Dunstan, appointed abbot not long before the year 950. I pass over the feuds and squabbles of the monks of Glastonbury with other not-over-religious clerics. Enough to say that the popes, and especially the great Pope Innocent III, found it necessary to interfere in the interests of peace. Nor shall I mention the shameful arraignment and execution of the sixtieth abbot of Glastonbury, Robert Whiting, one of the ablest and purest churchmen of his day. Within the church, it was claimed, were the tombs of King Arthur and St. Dunstan. With the Norman Conquest the new rulers resolved to build a far finer church. After this in turn had been destroyed by fire, Henry II., King of England, entered upon the construction of a magnificent edifice. From those walls, erected about seven hundred years ago, this stone has been taken, having for ages lain in the wall of St. Joseph's Chapel.

The stone from Gloucester is likewise from one of the oldest foundations in England. The first Christian king of Mercia, Wulphere, about

670 built a nunnery, which in the lapse of the centuries developed into a very striking architectural mass. I will not speak of the splendor of the present building, the cloisters with their exquisite fan-vaulting having no rival in England. Let me rather connect this old foundation with the Christianity of to-day. That fragment may have been seen and even touched, by a man who gathers into his experience and spirit almost every element of our Church's present grandeur. John Hooper became Bishop of Gloucester in 1550. He discharged his duty with a diligence, zeal, and self-sacrifice shown by very few bishops in the history of the Christian Church. Perhaps no man comes nearer to the exquisite creation by Victor Hugo of the bishop who, by the spirit of his divine Master, redeemed Jean Valjean. It was Hooper's custom to preach three or four times a day in the towns and villages of his diocese. His wife implored his friends to urge him to do less work in order that his life might not be prematurely poured out. He made the closest inquiry into the learning, diligence, doctrine, behaviour, and worldly condition of his clergy. Wherever a priest was not receiving an appropriate stipend, he augumented his living out of his own income. In the hall of his palace, he supplied a dinner daily to the poor of Glou-

cester, sitting down on the benches and sharing it with them. When Edward VI. died and Queen Mary came to the throne, he was arrested, kept prisoner for eighteen months, tried for being a heretic, condemned to death, and two weeks later was burned alive at the stake before his own cathedral! Not far from the room in which Hooper spent the night before his death, stands a house, timber-framed, where Robert Raikes, the founder of our Sunday Schools lived and worked.

The flat, blue stone is from the singularly beautiful Cathedral of Hereford, which exhibits, architects tell us, almost every step in the successive development of what is known as the Old English Style. What is more to our purpose, Hereford reminds us of the turbulent and warlike conditions of the age. The old Saxon ruler, Offa, lived not far from here. In the neighborhood, he murdered Ethelbert; on the hills in the immediate vicinity, are the ruins of certain Norman castles, whose lawless barons had constant battlings with one another.

The tiling is from one of the most fascinating and sacred spots in the religious world. We have all heard of the glories of Canterbury Cathedral. Here is the official residence of the archbishop and primate of all England, the head

of the Anglican Church throughout the world. In its immense size, freshness of aspect, endless vistas, and in its history, the structure is one of the most notable ever erected in any land. On this ground it is believed that a Christian church was built in Roman-British times by King Lucius. Persecution arising, the Christians were driven out and their edifice turned into a pagan temple. When St. Augustine came to England in the sixth century, King Ethelbert bestowed upon him this building, which had again become a church. By the Norman Conquest, 1066, the old foundation had almost disappeared. Lanfranc, the first Norman archbishop, set about the erection of a cathedral. Finished in 1130, this structure was burned in 1174, standing therefore but forty-four years. Just four years before its destruction, martyr's blood stained the walls. The king, Henry II., was enraged at certain acts of the archbishop, Thomas à Becket. Four barons thought they would serve the king's will by making way with the prelate. They came in by a side door while the archbishop with his assistants was reading the vesper service. His friends urged a Becket to stop the service and run into the vault under the sanctuary, or to ascend to the roof, by a secret staircase in one of the great columns. With

characteristic courage he refused, and facing his assailants was cut down, between the Chapel of St. Benedict and the passage to the crypt. What is believed to be the exact spot where he fell, is marked by a small square incision in the pavement. A mighty wave of indignation swept over the country, and indeed over western Christendom. The king, by the severest penance, endeavored to make it clear that he was not responsible for the saint's death, and he immediately set about the erection of the present edifice which we believe to be far more magnificent than that sanctified by the death of this great churchman, though not perhaps at every point prudent man. Yonder red stone has been taken from the crypt of St. Benedict, within a very few feet of the spot where the archbishop fell.

Our last stone is from Westminster Abbey. On the low ground by the left bank of the Thames, on a point of land overgrown with thorns and nearly surrounded by water, a church in honor of St. Peter is believed to have been erected by Sebert, the Anglo-Saxon king about 616. No need to recount any of the history: it is writ large upon the entire structure of English feudalism, royalty, liberty, and progress.

But enough of the material objects. What of

their teachings? Why place these rocks in this St. Mark's Church in Brooklyn as we commemorate our founding sixty years ago? Glastonbury should teach us to deserve and to expect, and to prepare for long life. Churches are planted to live and grow. Glastonbury stands for the bringing into England of the Gospel, when our British forefathers were still under the rule of the Roman Empire, and possibly not long after the ascension of our Lord. Just how long it is since that stone was quarried and set in the sacred wall we cannot tell, but we are certainly dealing with a vast stretch of time. What better expression in visible form could we have of the perpetuity of the Church? What a fulfilment of Christ's words: "On this rock I will build my Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it!" St. Mark's Church is needed now and on this very spot. He who imagines America will outgrow the Gospel, reckons not with the spiritual instinct of the human mind, nor with the shrewd common sense of the American people, nor with their Anglo-Saxon liking for law and order, nor with the conspicuous failure of the systems that rest on superstition or on the negations of unbelief. Nor yet does he recollect over how many obstacles Christianity has triumphed since she emerged from the Cata-

combs and laid the first stones in the walls of her earliest edifices. As we complete sixty years, we may well build into these walls, that which should remind us and whoever may worship within these sacred precincts, that the Church has the promise of everlasting life, of absolute security against evil, and all because the Church is the body, in this world, of Jesus Christ, who is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Human devotion may be so weak that the Church in any given locality may lose its virility and die and be forgotten. But this memorial should teach us that if we show the fidelity that every Christian should exhibit, there is no limit to the good that the Church of God may accomplish right here. The Church abides. At many an hour of disappointment and defeat, she may seem about to die, but wherever man does his part the Church lives on, instinct with the eternity of goodness, immortal with the life of God.

Quite different is the admonition from Gloucester. Here let us think, not so much of our heritage from the past as of our blessings and opportunities in the present. This Church is a reformed Church, free from medieval intolerance and superstition and corruption. At a time when some irreconcilable bigots are trying to for-

get the name, and to obscure the spirit of Protestantism, we should not be ashamed that we have had martyrs who died to secure our spiritual liberties and to dower us with the freedom that is in Christ. Gloucester gave us the Sunday School, and let this Church never forget that among Christ's most tender and most insistent commands, this is one: "Feed my lambs." Thank God for all the Church has done in our day by pleading the spirit of Christ in behalf of the physical care and the mental culture and the spiritual instruction and the legal protection of children. But children are only one class. In this, as in every age, the Church must vindicate itself in pointing out the method to right the wrongs of that age. To glorify God, she studies the conditions of the times and the peoples, and directs all attainable instrumentalities for human advancement. With every evil of our times, Christianity is to contend. Not now does theological controversy screw the rack and light the fagot, but yet selfishness puts horrid sufferings on countless multitudes. The rapacious landlord still herds the poor in foul, unhealthy lodgings, extorting the last farthing of rent; chartered corporations having the right to transport passengers through our avenues, crowd men and women indecently. Look at the riotous ex-

travagance of the very rich in face of a widespread poverty which hurries a father to suicide and the tender children to crushing hours of labor! The Church of God must war against human pride, ostentation, and indifference to our brothers' sufferings. It is the Church's duty to save women from excessive toil in factories; to provide for pensioning worthy workers; to punish cruelty to animals. Just as black slavery has been ended and the traffic made everywhere abominable, so white slavery must have the light of a national indignation flashed upon it. Let Gloucester bid us be up and doing in presence of every social injustice! Let the soul of John Hooper march on! Let each Christian feel that in sacred energy and not in ignoble sloth, lies his duty.

Learn from Hereford that the Church is to continue to preach a Gospel of peace; peace between the penitent sinner and a reconciled God; peace through divine grace in all life's troubles; peace in the household; peace among brethren; peace between Capital and Labor; peace through the world. Let us have in America what Europe in the age of the builders of Hereford did not know, concord between the strong and the weak, the rich and the poor, the employer and the workman. What our socially distressed age

needs is a preaching, not of charity but of justice —not of pauperism but of love. Dives and Lazarus must be brought together on terms of equality and in a sincere friendship. The Church must address herself to heal the wounds of industrial strife. She must plunge into the black, swift river of economic injustice.

So Hereford pleads for the peace of the world, for universal arbitration, and for the abolition of war. The battlings of armies are as absurd as, and far more wicked than, duels between men. The Church of God in arguing for peace sees, by faith, the realization of the convictions of great thinkers like Penn and Kant and Channing, and of the dreams of prophets like Isaiah and Micah. We rejoice as we place this Hereford fragment in the last days of 1910 because this very month humanity advances far on the road to universal arbitration. President Taft has just said:

"If we can negotiate and put through a positive agreement with some great nation to abide by the adjudication of an international arbitral court in every issue which cannot be settled by negotiations no matter what it involves, whether honor, territory or money, we shall have made a long step forward by demonstrating that it is possible, for two nations at least, to establish as between them the same system of due process of

law that exists between individuals under a government."

Let the voice of this pulpit be ever for Peace! It is for wars past and for wars to come that three-quarters of our terrible taxes are levied. As one of the greatest generals of modern times said "War is hell." Sir Edward Grey's warning must be heeded by all:

"Unless the incongruity and mischief of all this be brought home not only to the heads of men generally but to their feelings as well, so that they resent the inconsistency and realize the danger of this tremendous expenditure, the rivalry will continue and it must in the long run break down civilization. You are having this great burden piled up in times of peace and if it goes on increasing by leaps and bounds as it has done in the last generation it will become intolerable. There are those who think that it will lead to war precisely because it is already becoming intolerable. I think it much more likely that the burden will be dissipated by an internal revolution, by a revolt of the masses of men against taxation."

How much better to do, as a matter of high principle, as ready obedience to Jesus Christ, that which the very necessities of the case will surely demand at some not-distant day! May

St. Mark's throw its influence on the side of the Prince of Peace!

Let Canterbury serve as an expression of the central power and dignity of Anglicanism, and as a suggestion of the world-wide unity of the Catholic Church. That tile has indeed its memories of courage even unto death in defense of truth, but it teaches the yet sublimer lesson of a universal sympathy with our Christian brethren, and of the responsibilities of each believer everywhere for the spread of the Truth that Jesus Christ proclaimed. We ought to strive for the devotion of a Becket and for the Unity which should reach much farther than does the authority of Canterbury. "Neither for these only do I pray, but for them also that believe on me through their word; that they all may be one; even as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be in us; that the world may believe that thou didst send me."

Last of all, Westminster Abbey is at once the spot where, through centuries, kings and queens have received their crowns and sceptres, and where at length their bodies have been brought in death. Here are the tombs of famous poets, orators, statesmen, discoverers, philanthropists. Here are centred the most glorious traditions of English history. The influences that dignify,

the memories that inspire, and the emotions that move human hearts, are all clustered about this magnificent pile. Westminster grandly lifts before the world a golden banner, on whose ample folds is emblazoned a cross with the device, "In this thou shalt conquer." Those blackened arches, written over with mighty names, invest humanity with the highest dignity and splendor. That which glorifies Westminster, offers this, and every church a like splendor. More than ever before, this world needs the Gospel not as a symbol of aestheticism, nor as a system of philosophy, but as a leaven of righteousness. This particular parish has been called of God to set forth in this definite locality, that Truth which includes all other truths, which speaks of God in His dealings with man, and of man in his duties toward God and all his brethren. Christianity sounds every depth of man's ethical and spiritual needs in this life, and lifts life to utmost power by bringing into prominence the hopes and fears which look out on eternity. Yonder graceful fragment, broken from an ancient wall, points this church and all humanity to the spiritual place of Manhood's coronation at the hands of our Great High Priest. He that asks when and whereby shall mankind enter into the royal inheritance of culture, happi-

ness and glory, must kneel down at the feet of Jesus Christ.

We may sum up the teachings of these five stones in two words, Liberty and Catholicity—the Liberty that means Activity for God, and the Catholicity that means Universal Love. Each must work. Our effect as a Christian Church upon this community depends on our individual fidelity to Christ. Every one must do his duty. Not a child in the Sunday School can be exempted. Mass in final analysis is atomic. The danger in all social institutions is loss of individual responsibility. As this makes democracy a delusion, so it renders worship a mockery. A congregation is the grandest thing on this side of heaven only when each heart lifts to that God, who is a Spirit, true adoration. We are not to lose the sense of personality in the rapture of anthems from a thousand throats. With sympathy, each soul must feel itself in the presence of God. Is it not so everywhere? Here is a board of bank directors. Let each, for the welfare of the bank, meet each question with his own individual ideas of propriety and honesty and justice. The bank director who sinks his own conscience in the board's conscience, betrays his conception of right. Here is an army. The soldier is a coward and traitor who says: "The

rest are brave; I can hide behind a tree." The church attendant who lets others do the praying and receiving the Communion, is a hypocrite. Draw near yourself to God. Act for yourself. Robert Louis Stevenson has somewhere said: "To know what you prefer, instead of humbly saying Amen to what the world tells you you ought to prefer, is to have kept your soul alive." Show energy for Jesus Christ! God forbid we should be dead stones! If we say our Creed complacently without feeling it necessary to understand the Creed and to spread acceptance of the Creed, we are lifeless stones; if we talk about "our beautiful service" and stay away from its public rendering whenever we find it inconvenient to go, we are motionless stones; if we feel called on to make no effort whatever to give that beautiful service to the neglected of our own city and the heathen in other lands, we are cold stones; if we hear of the troubles of others by sickness, poverty and vice, and yet feel called on to deny ourselves nothing, to make no contribution to our brother's necessity, we are bloodless stones; if we would rather go to a club or a carnival or a bridge whist, or a theatre or a dance, than give that evening to some poor sufferer, we have hearts of stone; if we busy ourselves about religion and relief only when we can do so

without troubling ourselves, without sacrificing our comfort or our money, we are no softer than a stone; if we know of a parish where many people of this easy, luxurious, contented sort can be found, then we've got a whited sepulchre, fair without but full of dead men's bones. The great question for a modern Church is this: Can these dead stones live? Bishop Gailor says that the Episcopal Church in America is endeavoring to carry a greater mass of dead timber than can be found in any other branch of Christendom. Let us, as living stones, be built up into a spiritual house. Go to work, in the name of God! Too much have Christians thought of the care they must take of their own souls. The doctrine of personal salvation has lodged itself in morbid minds. Better stop asking, "What must I do to be saved?" and ask, with the humble heart, "Who is my neighbor?" and listen to the voice that says: "Thou shalt not abhor an Edomite; for he is thy brother."

So we come face to face with our other truth, the sense of the Catholicity of the Church which binds us in a spirit of Love to every soul. Let our ideas here in St. Mark's soar above narrow parochial, diocesan, national boundaries to the conception of one Holy Catholic and Apostolic

Church, comprehensive of every truth and activity that belongs to any of the scattered parts, united, as Christ is one with the Father. As we pray in this beautiful building, let us look toward these stones and realize something of our Lord's meaning: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and they shall become one flock, one shepherd." (St. John, X:16). Overcome the common temptation to despise Christians of other names, or to belittle or to ignore their work. As we think of Greek and Latin Christians, and of many a scattered church, and of many a company of those who differ from ourselves and yet believe and call themselves Christians, and consider their organizations to be true Churches, let us remember those other words of Christ. When the beloved disciple told how he had been perplexed as they saw one casting out demons in Christ's name who yet followed not with the disciples, and how it had seemed right to forbid him, Jesus said, "Forbid him not: for there is no man who shall do a mighty work in my name, and be able quickly to speak evil of me. For he that is not against us is for us" (St. Mark, IX: 38). The churches need more sympathy between the people, a closer bond of interest. Of the Bell

Telephone System it is said that they have four million five thousand telephones that can be instantly connected with any of the others. I like the words that describe the method that they employ. They call it inter-connection and intercommunication, the one depending on the other. The people in all the churches need to be interconnected by Christ's great secret of love, and when once this subtle and universal touch has been given, we need the recurring inter-communication through all the ramifying lines of Christendom. How foolish for us instead, to render another illustration of Christ's truth, that the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light. We want the seamless robe of Jesus Christ. We should find, in the incident of this day, food for abundant thought. As these distant and famous churches may be said to give something of their strength to these walls, so the life of the whole Church must partake of the life of each of the members. The fragments of a broken Christendom must contribute to a new vitality. Into the perfect Church of the future, each local and national church will bring its own special character and excellence. Into this Holy City yet to be builded, the kingdoms of the earth will bring each its own glory. Catholicity will be all inclusive, while differences

in method and varieties of spirit will be lost in the blazing splendor of Perfect Love.

The intense, incisive question rings in our ears, "What mean ye by these stones?" Shall not the whole body of our parishioners reply: "We will pledge our lives, our strength and our resources to perpetuate in the life of ages this Parish of St. Mark; we will carry on this church in loyalty to the faith once delivered to the saints; we will show gratitude for the liberties won by the advancing kingdom of God, from the cramping influence of prejudice and from the malevolence of bigotry; we will maintain a Church descended from the apostles and now planting herself on the rock of faith in Christ and utilizing all modern progress to evangelize the world of today."

II

"TRANSFORMED OR CONFORMED"

II

"TRANSFORMED OR CONFORMED"

(Preached in St. Luke's Church, Brooklyn.)

"Be not fashioned according to this world; be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind."—Romans XII: 2.

With the opening of the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, St. Paul passes from the theology of Creed to the divinity of Morals, or from the statement of man's relations to God to the discussion of man's obligations to the brethren. Such practical matters as are now brought forward spring largely out of the mixed nature of the Christian community in Rome, partly gentile, partly Jewish. In sentimental moments we may imagine that the apostolic and primitive Church enjoyed a unanimity denied to later ages, but careful reading of the "Book of the Acts," of almost every one of St. Paul's Epistles, and especially of this letter to the Church in Rome, must satisfy us that, wherever the earliest societies of believers in Jesus were gathered, there grave controversies

immediately sprang up between progressive and traditional Hebrews, between Hebrews and Greeks, between the nations and tribes of the vast gentile world.

In the first words of the chapter, we have a glance backward to the strictly theological chapters where the Apostle quieted all doctrinal contentions and all racial jealousies in the love of Jesus Christ. Jew and Gentile have alike disobeyed God, and God has now had mercy on them all. Against the background of the most venerable and the most popular forms of worship St. Paul is lifting into view the better forms of Christian service. Some to whom he wrote had been Jews trained to those Mosaic rites which were even yet celebrated—with all their old-time, elaborate splendor—on Mount Zion. Some had been accustomed to the pompous, gorgeous ceremonies which a classic paganism exhibited in those majestic temples of Rome. But these things for Christians had passed away. They were no longer Pharisaic sticklers, no longer heathen devotees, but brethren of Christ. Sacrifices would still be in order, but not of the old kind. There is but one sacrifice which a reasoning worshipper can now offer to the Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ. "I beseech you brethren, through the mercies of God, to

present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service." Here is so complete a reversal of custom, for those trained in the Levitical ordinances, or in the corrupting idolatry of Rome, that new tastes, new principles, new ideals must come into play. "Be not conformed to this world but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind."

1. The dissuasive: "Be not conformed to this world." The word is "age." We understand the term as comprehending all varieties of purely sensuous existence, all forms of indifference toward spiritual things, and of course, all opposition to the plainly revealed will of God.

The Apostle does not mean that we are to disdain the innocent usages and diversions of society; still less does he demand that we should forsake our fellow-men, and waste life in desert caves. To taste the sweets of friendship; to indulge under just restrictions in any harmless recreation; to enjoy the strains of music, or the glowing canvas, or the breathing statue; to rejoice and be glad because of this fair outward world, which its Maker pronounced very good; to admire its loveliness; to stand enraptured at the revelation of earth's splendor in mountain,

forest, moonlit night or azure sea; for one to watch with nature,

> "Till his humbled soul she fills
> With the rapture of the hills;
> With the bird and with the bee,
> With the glint of stream and sea,
> With the crimson of the rose,
> With the daylight's purple close,
> With the star and with the hour
> And those magic tones that dower
> Harmonies fulfilled, that bring
> Sweetest songs that poets sing."
>
> (Wm. M. Briggs)

None of this conforms a soul to the evil age.

What the Apostle dreads is the resemblance of the spirit of a man to the spirit of that world, which, with the flesh and the devil, is in lasting enmity against Jesus Christ. That world looks only to itself. "The world would love its own." It says that men are to be accounted according to the figure they present here; that riches and pomp and sensual delight outweigh all things else; that popularity is better than piety, and that temporal success is the ultimate goal of ambition; that man's soul is no longer-lived than his body; that morality is an unnecessary burden; that life, if not luxurious, is not worth living; that Heaven is a dream of fanatics, and God an invention of

the theologians. With all solemnity may the Apostle implore, Be not fashioned according to that world. "For the fashion of this world passeth away." This fashion of the world comprehends the views, opinions, maxims, avowed principles, cherished ambitions of the men and the women who care nothing for Jesus Christ.

The thoughtful mind must admit that the temper of the age disposes the Christian to this very fashioning or conformity.

Humanity has, in these later times, gained immortal victories over the forces of the universe. The catalogue of recent discoveries in various departments of science is all but endless. The age must ever be memorable for its beneficent inventions. If we ask wherein lies the secret of man's triumph over the powers that surround him, one word tells all: Conformation. Speaking carelessly, we say that man is the conqueror of nature. The truth is, he is the sleepless watcher and the obedient attendant of nature.

There is nothing magical about all this stately march of civilization, about the gorgeous flowering and fruitage of culture. From beginning to end, it is patience, vigilance, imitation. Water, heated, produces steam; man contrives the boiler. Steam, compressed, exerts power; man fashions the cylinder. Force horizontal

may be made to direct revolutions; man forms the wheel. A ponderous vehicle needs a special foundation; man lays down a track. But steam is the force of yesterday; look again! Certain acids and metals originate electrical power; man arranges the cups. That energy may be conducted from place to place, man lays the wire. So on, throughout the majestic, magnificent series of modern invention.

Let there be but an infinitesimal fracture in an ocean cable of three thousand miles, and not a syllable shall be transmitted till man has located the break and grappled the ends and reëstablished connection.

It is nature holding humanity to respect and obedience to the ten-thousandth part of an inch and the millionth part of a second.

Grand, thrilling, uplifting as it all is, there is this danger, that a material law shall be accepted as a spiritual principle; that we shall conclude that, to the end of the chapter, our welfare depends on our being conformed to the world.

The strong temptation is to live in a constant round of petty cares and transient pleasures. We say, with an appositeness that is pathetic, that we must keep up with the times. The pulse is that of the steam engine. Existence becomes

more nervous, restless, self-consuming. Worst of all, we love to have it so.

Out of this condition grows the thoughtlessness of so many lives. Men and women keep too busy to think. They take their ideas, learn their principles, shape their actions, from the floating notions of the hour, from the last novel, from the most recent fad, from the voice of fashion, from other men and women. The one thing they will not do is to stand still and think for themselves. Never was there an age of so much reading and so little reflecting. We study the most ephemeral productions of the press for hours every day, and confess as we lay it down that there is nothing in the journal which has absorbed us so long. We strive to take in an infinitude of facts without troubling ourselves about laws. We have intelligence without wisdom, riches without repose, exertion without achievement, motion without progress, ease without contentment, prosperity without gladness, and pleasure without peace. We meet the reproaches of our conscience with the excuse that everybody does so, and we turn on a friendly counsellor with the dictum that we might as well be out of the world as out of fashion.

2. The exhortation: "Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." The original ex-

pression is very strong—"Be metamorphosed." In the old mythology, that meant a change into a different creature, as when the stones cast by Deucalion and Pyrrha became men and women. In the New Testament the word is applied to Christ, when on the Mount of Transfiguration His raiment became white like the light and his countenance shone as the sun. So the Apostle here says to us all: Be ye metamorphosed "by the renewing of your mind."

This word "mind" refers to the thinking power in its moral activity-intellect as distinguished from affection and will. Think a moment and you will see why the mind needs such renewal. It has been under the ascendency of sin, and well called "the mind of the flesh," or, in its worst illustration, "the reprobate mind" as in the first chapter of this epistle. It is only by renewal that this mind can become instrumental in effecting moral metamorphosis.

How God renews the mind is beautifully shown, Psalm XXXII: 9, "I will inform thee and teach thee in the way wherein thou shalt go, and I will guide thee with mine eye."

God will make the believer strong in the exercise of the full powers of mind and spirit. "I will inform thee, I will make thee understand." Here the enlightenment comes from God; the

understanding belongs to man. God so works in us that He dignifies us by making us coworkers with Himself. The power is divine, while the action is human.

God's relation to every human being is that of the bestower of spiritual knowledge and moral energy.

Did you ever contemplate what splendor lies in that word "renewal"? A recent traveler has spoken of the change of the seasons in Palestine. After the autumnal ingathering, there comes a period of anxiety about the weather. From May to October there will not be so much as a shower. The time for plowing is at hand, but the sun-baked earth defies the plow. The cisterns are dry. Food for the cattle is hard to find; the heavens become as brass.

But soon come the early rains, and the whole country bursts into bloom. It is as though a celestial artist had painted anew the entire landscape. The color of the trees, the hues of the shrubs, the cold grays and sepias are brightened and refreshed, and the red roofs of the houses gleam. Shortly comes the matchless beauty of the Palestinian flowers, the crocus, narcissus—scenting the air at Christmas time—along with the glory of royal crimson in the tulips and poppies, and the rock rose.

A blossoming province is but a poor figure of the mind which under the quickening power of God the Holy Ghost, prepared the entire life for such fertility, for such a fruitage, and such radiant beauty as never could have been conceived before.

This renewed mind makes a new man, so achieving a genuine transformation. Let us recognize that there are forces around us which we are to challenge, not to admire; to smite, not to imitate; to slay, not to serve. The aim of Christianity is not conformation but transformation; not merely bowing down to physical environment, but a renewing of the mind. Grand as it may be for one to dominate the forces that are around him, it is yet more illustrious to conquer the nature that is within. Every bosom has passions which it is harder to discipline than it is to harness the lightning.

To cultivate patience is a more difficult task than to construct a dynamo; to increase faith is at once better and harder than to make money. To abound in love is a more valuable thing than to locate a gold mine. To keep the eye of the soul intent upon God is worth more than the ability to hear in New York the voice that speaks in London.

Have nothing to do with such things as are un-

questionably wrong. Leave alone those practices which possibly in themselves are innocent, but which in actual life have got the hand of the devil hard fastened on them—like certain fashionable diversions, good enough in certain conditions, but evil when carried to excess or when associated with impure suggestions, or gambling. Turn your back on the things which, not perhaps in themselves evil, and which not indissolubly joined with baseness, are yet—in your own opinion, after conscientious testing—bad for you.

Do not try, as a confirmed, communicating Christian, to get just as near to the precipice of sin as you can without toppling over into the depths. A gentleman hiring a coachman asked this question of each applicant: "Suppose, when taking my wife and her children out for a ride, you came to a road on the brink of a ravine, how close would you dare drive to the edge?" One answered that he could go within a foot; another that he could sweep his wheels within an inch. The third man said he would keep as far from the edge as he could; he got the job. The Christian who fancies himself safe while driving within a hair's breadth of the line that separates purity from lubricity, and temperance from intoxication, and honesty from dishonesty, not seldom loses his spiritual balance and is lost.

Let me question the individual. Ask yourself which is your spiritual condition. Are you conformed or transformed?

Let us each inquire how largely our existence is the result of outside shaping or inside growth. Are we walking, or being led? Are we steaming straight on over life's ocean, or are we drifting, or being towed? Are we rushing onward toward the prize of the upward calling in Christ Jesus, inspired and cheered by the renewed mind within, or are we miserable saunterers on life's highway, simply driven along the path of years by the mean and beggarly incentives of the hour?

To escape likeness to the world, strive for likeness to the Saviour. While many of Ovid's "Metamorphoses" are repellent, one at least conveys pure truth. Pygmalion, a sculptor, in the beautiful island of Cyprus, wearied by the wickedness of the people, resolved to dedicate himself to the ideal, and gave up his life to forming from cold marble the most beautiful of statues. So fair and majestic grew the stone under the sculptor's chisel that he conceived a lofty admiration, and prayed the gods to waken the lifeless statue to breath.

So if we would flee the world's evil, let us dwell with all the soul's ardor on the grace and loveliness of Jesus Christ.

"TRANSFORMED OR CONFORMED"

The Father hath foreordained us to be conformed to the image of His Son. The more we resemble Christ, the less we shall agree with the world, for he was holy, harmless, undefiled separated from sinners. "Wherefore holy brethren, partakers of the Heavenly calling, consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, even Jesus." "He that saith he abideth in him, ought himself also to walk, even as he walked."

We may all be transfigured. The image of the first Adam may yield to the image of the second Adam, the earthly giving place to the heavenly. Man, as originally fashioned, was the crown of creation. While his body allied him to the natural order of things, his soul was made in the image of God. The material body was liable to decay and death, the soul was ethereal, incorruptible, capable of intelligence and choice, endowed with individuality, and, in virtue of such powers, immortal. Such was man at the first in respect to natural qualities, possessing a mortal body and an immortal soul. But God was pleased to add to all these supernatural gifts, that man might rise to dwell with God. These affected both body and soul. The physical part was freed from pain, disease, infirmity, and, of course, death, while the soul was granted con-

cord, union with God whereby the creature realized joy and peace, the harmonious exercise of all his faculties in fulfilling the will of his Maker. What happened when man disobeyed? Righteousness was lost. Divine gifts were removed and the man fell back to the natural state of mortal body and immortal soul. He became what we know, one with an aching, guilty, and a perverted, passionate, but ever-living soul. Christ Jesus, the second Adam in virtue of His incarnation, bestows on those who believe union with God, sanctification, and, at length, immortal felicity. As we resemble our Lord, we enter into these blessings.

We must not miss one important lesson. St. Luke in his account says: "Jesus went up into a mountain and prayed, and as he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered." Does not the divine indicate a possibility of the human? We are to be, not conformed to this world, but we are to be transformed by the renewing of our minds. St. Paul, in the opening of the twelfth chapter of the Romans, uses the very words describing Christ's transfiguration to enjoin the transformation of each believer. In our moments of ardent worship, when the soul offers itselt in willing surrender to God, when mediation is most spiritual, when supplication is most pro-

longed and most earnest, when faith draws man into the noblest posture his soul can assume, when love to God prompts the utterance of the deepest convictions of the soul, even then the fashion of our countenance will be altered, and the world will see us at our best. Jesus' transfiguration commenced while He was praying.

Are we conformed to the world, or transformed? Are we absorbed with the present or intent on the future? As we have borne image of the earthly, we also bear the image of the heavenly. "Now, beloved, are we the sons of God."

III

"ANDREW THE MIDDLEMAN"

III

"ANDREW THE MIDDLEMAN"

(Preached in St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.)

He findeth first his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messiah.—John I:41

Here is mention of three men. It is as though you were looking at a picture in which Jesus of Nazareth stands on the extreme right, His figure glowing with celestial light. Toward the centre, where the brightness fades, stands a man clasping the right hand of the Christ. To the left all is dim, but you make out the form of a third man who cannot see Christ, can only darkly behold the middle man. This mysterious person is Simon. The man in the middle is Andrew, whom the text represents as a great discoverer. First he finds the Christ: then he finds the man in the dark.

The simple story has a lesson for the easy-going Church of the twentieth century. Study these three: First, Andrew. Who was he? He was son to Jonas, and appears in the narrative

as the companion of John, who was the son of Zebedee. These men were fishers, with some possessions in the form of nets and boats. They were associated as partners and had servants and dwelt on the north shore of the Lake of Galilee. Andrew does not appear to have been a very brilliant man, not much of a talker. There was one glorious thing about him: he had found Christ. But the main thought is this disciple's typal character.

I shall regard him as personating all later generations of believers. You, my friend, are Andrew, in his experience and privilege and responsibility. His left hand is in Christ's, but his right hand is outstretched. It is of that mighty right arm that I am to speak. What I desire to say above all other things my Christian brother, is, that Andrew is yourself. You have found the Christ. God is more to you than the blind force that rules the universe. God in Christ has come into our worldly conditions and has sympathized with us and has been not only Father but Brother. So you can say: "I know Him whom I have believed."

But we are forgetting Simon. Who is he? Simon is just any one who is not in Christ. He is the man in the dark, the man at a distance. Simon is a mystery. The very word suggests the

pathos of his life: "Simon" means "the listening one." Think of the Christless soul off in the night, conscious of his perplexities and doubts, and listening for any voice that can give consolation.

There is this terrible thing about every Simon —he is far from Christ. But there is also this encouraging thing—some brother man stands near. Each of us knows at least one soul is listening with the ear of an impassioned spirit, for some voice to speak peace. Can I help you to recognize him?

If you have any great joy, you must tell Simon. Simon is so near you, so dear to you, such a large part of your life. If you read a good book, you lend it to him; if you see a good play, you tell him about it; if you get new light on any subject, you talk it over with him. Joseph finds happiness and honor in Egypt, but the moment he has an opportunity he says: "Ye shall haste and go up and tell my father of all my glory in Egypt." Simon may be your brother, or your husband, or your partner, or your fellow-clerk, or your most intimate friend, or your classmate.

From Andrew and Simon we turn to Christ. We should know Christ better if we knew our Bibles better. The Bible "antiquated" indeed! Ancient and venerable certainly, for it contains the oldest records in the world—the origin of the

universe, of industry, of marriage, of sin, of art, of agriculture, of government, of redemption.

But yet the Bible is not obsolete, as a thousand facts prove. It is the world's oldest book with all that that implies; and remember that a book, like a tree, lives only because it gives forth something to the successive seasons, and because its vitality appropriates the elements of contemporaneous existence. So the Bible is the world's most-printed book, most-circulated book, most-studied book.

Select what other volumes you please as more conducive to culture, to fill your shelves: the Bible has seen myriads of such books appear and disappear, to leave in some cases not one copy in any library. So in a century will it be with works that now arrogate the title of the foremost publications of the age. In a thousand years the obscurest of the minor prophets—say Obadiah—will be studied not less than he is to-day. What is certain is that a less-honored portion of the Old Testament—a book many devout scholars have believed ought never to have been included in the sacred canon—has been held up by one of your most brilliant writers in a secular journal, as embodying deathless elements of human interest. If the world will not let the Book of Esther die, is it likely to consign the Pentateuch to the pulp vat?

If it finds matter for thought in Obadiah, will it toss aside the Psalms or the sublime strophes of Isaiah?

Or take this Gospel of St. John. How rich is this first chapter of John's Gospel in its tribute to the only-begotten Son of God! It is like those gold mines of which we read, that are full of nuggets; like those pearl fisheries, where every shell contains a fortune; like those Persian rose gardens, whence the perfume exhales everywhere. "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." In all the Bible there is no sentence which in itself is so full of meaning and which in relation to the Gospel is so absolutely accurate as this description.

"Behold the Lamb of God." A great expositor has noticed the first use made of this word in the Old Testament and in the New. Turn back to that dreadful adventure of Abraham going up the mountain to sacrifice his only son Isaac. The youth questions—not suspecting his danger—"My father, behold the fire and the wood; but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?" In that question you have the Old Testament summarized. All nations, all religions, all Judaism, all the temple worship may be regarded as uttering their aspirations in the passionate inquiry—"Where is the Lamb?" Open now your New

Testament and the word occurs first here: "Behold the Lamb of God." That is the answer of New Testament revelation to Old Testament groping, the response of a merciful God to the spiritual yearnings of humanity, the answer of Christ to Moses, of the Gospel to Leviticus, of the Church throughout the world to the tabernacle in the wilderness.

The Lamb of God taketh away the sins of the world. St. John has nothing to say about the origin of sin, nothing to say about why God leaves the loathsome fact with us. Christ's purpose, His opening, His abiding, His ultimate purpose is to take sin away. According to Jesus, man has no use for sin. Sin is hindrance, disturbance, clog, poison. It was not God that sent sin: God's relation to sin is a sender of One to take it away.

Think what you please of the doctrine of the Atonement, but look at the cross. I know full well that in me, an offender, sin works suffering; in the cross I see that to the spotless Son of God evil brings suffering too.

Let us accept the cross as a revelation of Love, of Love Eternal and Infinite making sacrifice, dying like the lamb on the Jewish altar, to free the souls that had enslaved themselves to pride and shame. He who hangs on yonder cross—in

that He has suffered, in that He has marked out the way of the perfect life, in that He touches our poor endeavors with resurrection power—purges away my stains and leads me into the freedom of a child of God. But the grand thing taught by Jesus is that from each heart sin must be abolished, must be taken away.

All is clear now in position and in obligation. Yonder the loving Christ, and yonder your groping friend, and you who know them both, must bring them together.

The next thought shall be one of boundless encouragement. One thing that Andrew did outweighed a thousand times all the other good accomplished by his whole life. "He first findeth"—his hand caught Simon and brought about that change of name at which all the angels in heaven are still rejoicing. "Jesus looked upon him and said, Thou art Simon, the listener, the wanderer, the useless. Thou shalt be called Cephas, Peter, the rock, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Jesus read the character of Peter by divine wisdom, perceiving all his strength and his infirmity. To Peter there must have been in the simple words, something like lightning and the thunderbolt, for he recognized one who had put the finger on the

weak spot of his nature, and had pointed him to the method of securing the one quality he needed —firmness like the rock, granite consistency.

Of the Twelve, Peter stands foremost. However different bodies of Christians may be opposed in their ideas of Peter's dignity, nothing less can be said of him than that, on the foundation of his faith and courage, the fabric of Christendom rests, while every believer on earth to-day is, in a sense, his child.

But the great fact is that Christ did not directly draw Peter, but that Andrew found him and brought him to Jesus. What a joy had Andrew all his life, and what a joy has he to-day, and what a joy will he have to all eternity! Christ could have secured Peter in a thousand other ways, but Andrew was allowed the honor, in part, no doubt, to encourage all the weak and the poorly qualified to labor with an abundant hope.

Perhaps you may discover a Cephas. Think of that! You may be able to bring into the army of the living God, one of gigantic efficiency, just as a child may find a gold piece in the street, just as the slave in an African mine may bring up a diamond that a king will purchase with a province.

Here is Caecilius, who, with divine love in his heart, goes after a man of splendid power but

ignorant of Christ, whom the later Church knows as Cyprian.

I see another man standing very near to Christ, the Moravian minister Peter Boehler, as he lays his hand upon two brethren, John and Charles Wesley. In all the stupendous success of the evangelistic and ecclesiastical movements which the Wesleys inaugurated, we are to see the indirect influence of this Andrew, whose name must sound utterly strange to modern Christendom.

Often Andrew is a woman. You remember that Monica's prayers and tears at last drew her mighty son—whom the Church of all later ages reveres as St. Augustine—to the Christ she had herself already found. And there was another woman, keeping a country tavern in England, believing that her son possessed the power to be useful for Christ, and cramping herself to send him to a classical school and then to Pembroke College, Oxford, and at last giving the world the renowned evangelist, George Whitefield.

Sometimes Andrew is not mother but sister. We hear little of the mother of Ambrose, but much of his sister Marcellina, who was ten years his senior. In the quiet of her illustrious father's country home, when a girl of twenty, she seemed to hear voices of the martyred saints calling her to leave wealth and family and follow Christ,

She dedicated herself to a religious life and then sought to lift her brother to the same earnestness. As Abbé Baunard said, she was "great enough to understand Ambrose, strong enough to sustain him, tender enough to console him." The histories proudly tell of the great Square of Milan filled with the populace shouting "Let Ambrose be Bishop!" and of the memorable acts of St. Ambrose. Back of all, under all, are the prayers and counsels of that young girl.

Andrew had only to touch one who sat next to him at the family board. Your hand may have to stretch very far to find the man who is waiting for you. At a great missionary meeting I met those whom love for Christ had sent to the heart of Africa, to the great cities of China, to "India's coral strand." Sometimes the arm gathers strength as it stretches and makes wider and wider sweeps. There was Dr. Grenfell, the medical student in London, who became convinced that his religious life had been a humbug. As he reached out he found some ragged, lawless boys in the slums. Them he brought to the Master. The arm reached farther and embraced the deep sea fishermen around the English coast. Then the arm stretched all the way across the Atlantic and took in the seamen and their families in Newfoundland and Labrador.

Sometimes Andrew is just a poor preacher like that one in the English Church who preached from the text, "Let us therefore go forth unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach." A young man in the small congregation took that to mean that he must labor with the most despised souls and he became, instead of a listener to such sermons, a Peter, a father of English Missions to the heathen, and so the father of our American Missions also.

From some of the humblest parishes have come the men who in mission fields, in the translation of the Bible into foreign tongues, in ecclesiastical administration and in popular influence have directed the resources of the Church in ways of unparalleled success.

I love to see the churches in the spirit of Andrew going to seek brother Simon. Who of you heard of the people of St. George's in Manhattan a few weeks ago? They had Christ, they knew Christ, they rejoiced in Christ, they had found the Messiah. But they remembered Simon. Seven hundred of them started out from the church in solemn procession, bearing a lighted cross. They went through the streets and avenues on that crowded East side, and after a parade of an hour or less, they came back to Christ with seven hundred Simons.

In a church close to Adelphi Street, eighteen earnest men loving Christ, thought of the Simons in the tenements and the cottages and the boarding-houses in the 20th Ward. These eighteen men resolved that for a week they would give the evenings to searching for Simon. At half past seven every evening they gathered in a room at the church. They prayed, they counselled with one another, and then they issued from the church to make calls, each one finding his brother.

There is one argument you can always use with immense power. Say to the careless—to the men and the women who reject the Gospel without really knowing anything about it—say to them: "Give Christ a fair trial." To Andrew and John following Him, Jesus said, "What seek ye?" And when they replied, "Rabbi, where dwellest thou?" He answered, "Come and see." In that same spirit of confidence, He meets an inquiring world to-day.

He welcomes all who will come. The honest inquirer who would know His claims, and on what rests the salvation He bestows, is cordially invited. The Nazarene does not now travel along dusty roads—He treads the sapphire pavements; yet still is He tender and sympathetic toward the darkened and inquiring spirits as when

He walked on the beach at Galilee. His cry still is, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me."

The Gospel has nothing to conceal; it courts investigation; it asks for the most rigid scrutiny. "Come and see." So the believer to-day says: "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." One thing I know, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness." Jesus Christ has given attraction to my life, elevation to my aims, sweetness to my experience, peace to my soul.

I am not asking you to preach in so many words, but rather to show Christ to men in your life. You may not care to speak of that blessed train of circumstances that made you a child of God, even as this Andrew has told the world nothing of that rapturous conference when, with John, he spent the night with Jesus and talked of the matters that lay deepest in their souls—there are supreme religious experiences about which the reverent heart may not love to speak. But one thing is certain, if Christ has brought the good tidings into your heart, you will desire to tell it abroad. A real conversion opens a new world. It rolls from the conscience a load of guilt; it calms the ravings of remorse; it excites the purest affections; it cleanses the life; it washes out all stains; it overcomes all difficulties; it annihilates selfishness; it crushes passion. It

develops new faculties; it clothes the soul with new powers; it awakens new forces, even a force which achieves impossibilities, because it feels with St. Paul that in Christ we can do all things. It gives new theories of life and new powers for success; it works such a transformation in heart and in life, in inward thought and in outward action, that we truly speak of the same individual as a new creature. All this comes about because you know Christ.

Let me leave Christ in the centre. What an example He sets to all His followers who in midsummer seek refreshment in leaving customary toil and fleeing to the repose of nature! There was once a Man who, bearing the burden of the world, yearned for a season of calm and found it in a wild, sweet vale by Cæsarea Philippi, where the poplars rustled in the breeze and the orange-golden sunsets touched the orchards with mystical light;

"at snowy Hermon's foot,
Amid the music of his waterfalls."

Separating the chosen three from the Twelve, he went up to some lonely retreat among the forests on the slope of Hermon and was transfigured before them, all white and glistering, holding high converse with Moses and Elijah. And the three

wanted to build tabernacles and stay forever in such a heaven, but He led them back to common levels of life, where men were struggling with pain and sorrow, teaching them that the way to help the social distresses is by faith and prayer, and turned His own back on that picturesque, romantic retreat and went back to the dusty roads and the scorn of Jerusalem and the snarling scribes and scowling priests, treading straight to Gethsemane and to Calvary, content because He knew He was right, and that the world needed Him, and that His Heavenly Father willed it, and that after many days He would Himself see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied.

So let us care not too much for ease, but be willing after rest to go to hard, honest work for the Church of God. Be true to your own experience. Let the world and especially let Simon see that your whole life makes good the poet's words:

"I heard the voice of Jesus say
I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till traveling days are done."

IV

"SEEN AND UNSEEN"

IV

"SEEN AND UNSEEN"

Preached in St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.

"We look not at the things which are seen but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." 2 Cor. IV:18.

There are two worlds, a temporal and an eternal, a material and a spiritual, and the Christian looks not at that which is around him, but at that which is beyond him and invisible. If we be faithful to Christ we are concerning ourselves not with the things we see—houses, business, clothes, furniture, but with things not less real, but hidden from view.

Let thought here endeavor to penetrate below the surface. What are the visible things that faith sees not? Certainly there is a real world to which we cannot close our eyes.

We look out on Nature, the supreme tangible, visible evidence of the Creator's power, glory—

the fields and gardens; the meadows and mountains, dawn and sunset, and midnight splendors of planets and stars. The Psalmist learned reverence when he considered the heavens as the work of God's fingers. We look earnestly at the very real world industrial, in which each of us has a work which we believe to be assigned of God, and in which we know heaven blesses us as long ago Abraham with his flocks, and Nehemiah with his building, and Joseph with his diplomacy, and Peter and John with their fishing, and Paul with his tent-weaving.

We look, for the most part kindly, upon a world social, the dear ones at home, these of our blood and our name, our friends, our business associates, our servants and chance acquaintances. We look on a world of matter that shapes itself into the familiar conditions amid which we pass our daily life—the domicile, the table, the fire on the hearth, our office or shop, our tools, books, clothing, the walls within which we live, the streets where we walk, our activities, labors, companionship, recreations.

Must we not "see" all these? Nay, more, must we not necessarily allow all these a place in our minds, and cares, our hopes and dreads? Just as the best of men before us have done, we

must find a place in our thoughts, preparations, labors for the very least of these things. Some matters will threaten, and we must counteract them, and some will allure and we must forward them. Out of these apparently simple elements of nature, and occupation, and affection, and activity are woven the intricate pattern of our happiness and our misery, our victories and our trials, our exertions, irritations, the enthusiasms that bear us up as though we were walking on air, and then the humiliations, the losses, the failures that cause nervous nights when sleep flies from our pillows, and troubled days of headache and heartache.

Does St. Paul mean we are to pay no attention to this very real and clearly visible order of things in which we pass our daily lives? Would he command the athlete in the Greek games, or in a modern competition of school teams, not to look at the ground over which he leaps and runs? Does he mean the merchant is to ignore the coming day on which he is to meet a large note at the bank? Certainly not!

The Apostle means that these visible things are not to fill the soul to the exclusion of higher realties.

Take an illustration. Here is the captain of a vessel equipped with all the latest devices for the

quick loading and unloading of every possible cargo, for transporting hundreds of passengers, some luxuriously, some economically, for high speed in the engines, for electrical service. Under his command are many score workers—officers, seamen, firemen, engineers, machinists, cooks, stewards, cleaners, laborers. Your commander cannot lose sight of one of these individuals, of the slightest detail of the doings of that immense ship's company. And yet vastly greater concerns must engross his mind—the effectiveness of the engines as a whole, the orderliness of the crew, the weather, the proximity of land, the possible danger in these days of submarine attack. While he may be said to see not these visible things, he must look above all at the invisible things of the ship's efficiency, and the passengers' security.

So with the Christian. Above and beyond the realities of life's details he looks at the things which are not seen. He sees the spiritual realities which life tends to obscure—truth, justice, goodness, self-effacement for another's advantage. It is hard to get vision of these things—as when one searches the heavens with a telescope. In one like Abraham we see the pure nature of faith; in one like Paul the shining substance of called consecration.

He sees the One glorious Person in whom all perfections meet; though no man hath seen God, he knows the pure in heart shall see Him. He sees the world of angelic, spiritual beings. He sees the blessed and dear ones gone on before.

Think that a man in business may be really seeing, not his check book, but a Joseph keeping accounts for Pharaoh, and a Matthew sitting at the receipt of custom!

This then is the rule: Look not on what is seen, but on the unseen. "Walk by faith not by sight." "Here we have no continuing city." "Our citizenship is in heaven."

On what rests the reason of such a command? On this, that "the things which are seen are temporal, while the things which are not seen are eternal." What the eye beholds—ships, cars, sixty-story office buildings—will pass away.

Then you overcome the advantages which at the first blush lie on the side of material things; they vanish. The others last. That which attracts and pleases is bound to disappear. "The world" of sight "passeth away." How our streets alter, and our houses, and gardens. How decay fastens on our stone walls, and how the tempests carry soil to a low level!

Only justice, mercy, kindness, faith, love are unchanged. How different our country is com-

pared with the thirteen colonies that carried through a Revolution! The thought of the evanescence of the order we are handling was often in St. Paul's soul. "This I say, brethren, the time is shortened, that henceforth both those that have wives may be as though they had none; and those that weep, as though they wept not; and those that rejoice, as though they rejoiced not; and those that buy, as though they possessed not; and those that use the world, as not abusing it: for the fashion of this world passeth away."

So Our Lord taught. He was building in time a Kingdom to outlast time. It made little difference how matters fell out to us here, we must get ready for conditions elsewhere: when these disciples would sit on thrones, where Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob would walk, where Lazarus would be in blessedness, where evil would cease and Hope and Love have their endless reign.

To the world He said, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust doth consume, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth consume, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also."

It may be objected that he who ignores the things that are seen neglects the interests of the family, society, state. It may be said that Christianity looks after only such matters as creeds, prayers, sacraments, and that our attention should rather be given to make every thing that concerns our daily life a matter of religious earnestness and fidelity.

We answer, this is really the assertion that the truth God has given us has no bearing on common life, and that the ideal belief and life are injured by the worship of a Being of infinite Goodness, Wisdom and Power. It is not true that Christianity discards solicitude for man's comfort here to concentrate all effort on a life beyond the grave. Refer to the case of the Thessalonians. In his First Epistle to this Church, St. Paul had dwelt on the imminent coming of Christ to judge; and on the insignificance of our present worldly conditions in comparison with the eternal state. Very foolishly the people began to neglect business, and their families, and all their social obligations because they believed the end of all things was near. In the Second Epistle, St. Paul corrects the misapprehension. Many things would have to take place before the final stage arrived. They would have to engage in toil for self-support, just as

Paul himself did. Nothing in Christ's religion repealed the law of honesty and common sense, that if any would not work neither should he eat. So had been the Apostolic teaching everywhere. Those walked disorderly who were busybodies, but worked not at all. The Christian life consists not only of pious contemplation, and regular worship and an orthodox creed, but as well a faithful discharge of all duties personal, domestic, educational, industrial, social, political, philanthropic.

Again it may be objected that as our time and strength are limited, a man will achieve more for this life when this life receives all his thought, and the future life is wholly forgotten. The sufficient answer is in the nobler character of the work done in the world by the man who acts with an eye to that future world which rests on eternal righteousness. He does here the better work who remembers that these temporal and visible conditions are surely passing on to infinitely more momentous things. The Christian has here Christ for his Exemplar. Recur to the incident narrated by St. John. "Jesus knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that He was come from God, and went to God"—then what? "Riseth from supper, and laid aside His garments: and took a

towel and girded himself. After that he poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded." As Liddon says, "No duty is too humble to be inspired by the grandest convictions as its ruling motive. No faith is too sublime to consecrate any portion of a life work that is meant for eternity."

If we accept this principle of the relative unimportance of the things that are seen, a variety of practical conclusions present themselves.

Take our use of money, whether inherited or earned. If the things invisible are foremost, it will be impossible to squander money on ourselves, our houses, living, clothes, amusements. We shall insist on giving of our means to give knowledge, at home and abroad, of Christ's invisible but advancing kingdom. Give to missions, to schools, to churches, to the noble philanthropies of our day.

There is much truth in the saying, "A man's private account book is the most accurate commentary on his deepest convictions."

Again, take our opinions and actions in the matter of education. What Christian will consent to train his children merely for this life? Educate primarily for that endless life beyond, forgetting not the momentous connection that

this state sustains to that. If we believe this life certain, and the next merely possible, we shall regard training for profession, trade or society as essential, paramount; and the training for heaven "secondary and optional."

Parents in plenty are saying, Get your languages, mathematics, science, these are necessary for your living. As for Bible and Catechism, a few hours in the Sunday School will suffice. Beware how, in the matter of Faith, you surrender the truth, or tone it down till its virility disappears.

Or take our treatment of Prosperity. People are saying, snatch the passing joy as it flies. Perhaps there is another life: let us make sure of this. If to us the unseen things are more, we shall be on our guard against the subtle temptation. Christ urges us to beware when all men speak well of us. To the new pope, "Sic transit gloria mundi."

So in days of trouble. How does he stand then whose all is this life? If there be no higher existence, then we cannot wonder that men should escape trouble in any way they can—by desertion from the scenes of sorrow, leaving wife and children to face, as best they may, or by drink, or by the revolver. If we believe suffering has a purpose, that men like stones are being

hewn and polished to fit into the palace walls of the Great King—then there is wisdom in it all. "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." He who looks well at these two classes of things, seen and unseen, looks at them with faith in God, will "reckon that the sufferings of this present life are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us.

V

"EVIL THOUGHTS"

V

"EVIL THOUGHTS"

Preached in St. Mary's Church, Brooklyn.

"Finally brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things." (Philippians 4:8.)

The Epistle for the Twelfth Sunday after Trinity opens up the necessity of directing the outward life by an inward energy. What the Christian thinks or accounts must be in harmony with the Spirit of God. Religion is not simply an external affair of the letter but an essential matter of spirit. Into this potential realm of the invisible let us enter this morning. Abroad the world is full of turmoil and terror; let us look within for the word of peace and faith.

If we look carefully into St. Paul's words we shall discover a psychological principle, a logical relation, and a spiritual law.

There is first recognition of the fact that we must think. You cannot live alone on the material side.

We have minds and nothing can prevent their ceaseless action, even during sleep. The thought world in the humblest soul is a wider realm than our Republic between Maine and Oregon. The thoughts that wander through Eternity know no confines, no pause, no suspension. Our thought life is our real life. At first blush, we might say, the only realities are the things we can see and touch—this solid earth, yonder hills, our house, books, shop. It is a careless opinion. The external world is to each of us what the mind announces. Two persons stand in the same window and look on the same sunshine, but one sees only health, gladness, prosperity; the other sees only weariness, discouragement. The universe affects each according to his inward temper. The real world is not the one of sky and sea and paved streets or green hedges or snow-covered fields, but the interior world of impression.

The subject is presumed to be metaphysical, and therefore to most persons uninteresting. Revise your estimates. Intellectual processes really concern all persons whether they be what we would call intellectual or not. The least

educated person uses his mind, pursues his trains of thought, arrives at his conclusions, and bases his entire actions upon his mental decisions. No one of us, whether ignorant or highly cultivated, but has his purposes. That purpose in every case has close connection with some emotion: it is most assuredly founded upon certain facts or beliefs which the mind possesses: and it includes necessarily an act of the will.

Without reflection one cannot be a good servant, farmer, merchant, advertiser, policeman, lawyer, milliner, modiste. In the rudest nature there is really the foundation of a philosophy. As Sir William Temple remarked, "Man is a thinking being whether he will or no; all he can do is to turn his thoughts the best way."

The preacher of religion dares not exhaust his attention on the outward living. There must be the appeal to mind, to emotion, to will, to conscience, to the heart.

Next we are taught that there is a logical relation between our thoughts and our acts. If, the Apostle argues, we contemplate whatever is honorable, true, lovely and of good report, our lives will be honorable, true, lovely and of good report. If we indulge base designs, they will pollute the soul. Jesus saw a logical connection

when he said, "Out of the heart come forth evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, railings: these are the things which defile the man." You will say what can be lighter than a thought so silent, swift, secret, subtle, a mere inclination or posture of an atom of brain matter. You forget that in that lightning flash of meditation there slumber all the varieties of human character, all the activities of humanity, all the glorious and all the shameful occurrences of history. All that is basest and all that is fairest has been but unrolled from those convolutions of the brain. As Jesus expressed it, they defile the man.

The life suits the thought. If a man lets his mind run on violence he may murder. If he thinks lustfully, he will likely live uncleanly. To envy is to be prepared to steal. If the chancelleries of Europe think for years of nothing but dreadnaughts and heavy ordnance, and bombs dropped from the air on cities, and mines exploded under ships, and slaughter, and famine, and widows and orphans, and want brought home to every living soul, then they prepare the most cruel, and irrational, and unjustifiable war the world has ever seen.

Then we have this spiritual law that whosoever would act virtuously must regulate his

thoughts, must keep evil from the secret places of his soul. Find the germ of sin in the heart.

"There is such a thing as sin; and there is danger in sin—danger to the body; danger to the understanding; danger to the affections; danger to the taste and the imagination; danger to the conscience; danger in this life; and above all, most appalling danger in the life that is to come: for as a man dies so shall he rise again, as he leaves this world so he starts in the other. If he is environed with evil habits, if he is filled full of sins and transgressions, that is the capital with which he begins in the life that is to come."

Sin is within, it touches the centre of vitality, it infects every fibre, it poisons every faculty and spring of human nature. What can make a man understand his helplessness like the consideration that sin in its birth lies back of the physical nature even in the recesses of our spirits?

That brings us to the foot of the cross. Jesus reaches the evil before it becomes an actual and visible sin, uncovers it in its farthest lair, and purges it in his own most precious blood. Jesus Christ truly takes away sin in many ways, but this is one: He gives holy thoughts. These rule the mind and exclude the very thought of evil. He takes away that sin.

God says, "I will put a new spirit within you."

Exactly that must be. We want to make the world better, to make society cleaner, to compose the awful controversies between the rich and the poor, the employer and the employee: there is only one way—you must make men better, and to make men better you must purify their thoughts. The inward faculties must be renewed: conscience must bear us witness in the Holy Ghost; the will must take on divine energy; the affections must be subject to our love of God; imagination must dwell on just ideas; and, as on eagle's wings, bear us away from the low strata of sin's atmosphere to the crystalline ether charged with celestial warmth and light.

Begin with God's strength to fight evil thoughts. I can forbid this hand to forge a check for a thousand dollars; forbid its raising the murderous weapon against an enemy. But how shall I reach my mind? A town tried to regulate the course of several small streams. Dig as many channels as they would at the base of an eminence, there was always moisture. Engineers were summoned, and it was ascertained that there was a spring in the heart of the hill. The townspeople said, We must get under the hill. This is exactly the problem with the Christian. If he would conquer his acts, he must go within and under the mountain of the intellect, he must

find the secret springs of wickedness whose outflow weakens and destroys.

That brings one face to face with Christ's Gospel. If you think with Lady Macbeth, that Neptune's ocean can wash your blood-stained hands, you are not yet prepared to appreciate Christ's Gospel. We are like Naaman who felt that Abana and Pharphar, rivers of Damascus, are as good as the waters of Jordan.

Get the mind right, clean, wholesome. Get rid of the thoughts that assault and hurt the soul. Whatsoever things are true . . . think on these.

But granted we all have these disorderly imaginations, what can we do? I answer, A great deal.

Cast from your minds evil thoughts. Our reflections are only ours in so far as we choose them. Sin lies in the Will, and I cannot will till I choose. The base thought that I reject with aversion and abhorrence can never pollute me, nor be charged against me. It is not such a thing as can assault and hurt the soul.

The soul is passive in the entrance of ideas, as a province is passive in the entrance of an army. Accountability depends on action. Will the people receive or oppose the force? Does the mind harbor or discard the ideas? We act for

the right when we hustle a vile suggestion out of the soul, and we commit sin when we entertain it.

No one can hinder wicked ideas from entering the soul, but we should treat them as we do disreputable characters who should intrude into a reception we were giving for our friends. We need not give them welcome, need not cultivate familiarity, but firmly bid them begone as impertinent, audacious visitors.

Be the master of your mind. Insist on the instant departure of the evil thoughts that assault and hurt the soul; thoughts of revenge, of dishonesty, of envy and covetousness, of unbelief, of defiance, of uncleanness—sit as a king on the throne of your soul and demand that such thoughts, incorporeal ruffians and malefactors, and disturbers of peace, shall not draw nigh.

When wicked thoughts enter, summon up better ones to expel them. Julius Caesar to guard against anger would repeat the letters of the Greek alphabet till he felt the passion subsiding. Under the same temptation, a Christian Emperor would repeat the Lord's Prayer.

Don't read bad books; don't see bad plays. There are theatres that have exhibited such scandalous representations that upright men and pure women should never enter their doors. The plot may be of masterly construction, the

dialogue may be more bri'llant than Sheridan or Shakespeare, but the very beauty of the language is a cause of evil. Lewd reflections as well as virtuous ones are most agreeable to our minds when dressed out with wit. If splendor of rhetoric or sparkling repartee, or flashes of genius are wanted, we have an host of authors—Stevenson, Kipling, Bret Harte, Dickens. Remember that of all immoral influences, none is more ruinous than Genius when it prostitutes itself to unbelief, to scorn of holy things, or to lubricity.

Guard against wandering thoughts at times of public or private worship.

A lady often at Church was sick at home. Repeatedly she declared she missed the service. She slept and dreamed an angel carried her to an open church window. She listened for the prayers, and hymns. What she heard was the oddest jumble of conversations echoed from every part of the Church. One was talking about a reception she had attended; another of an accident in the hunting field; another of the fashions; another of the latest music; another of a popular play; a merchant was telling what goods he would buy; an architect was discussing a building plan; while a lawyer was outlining the defense of a knotty case. These mingling utter-

ances made such confusion that the invalid could make nothing out of the service. Astonished, she asked the angel what it meant. His answer told that her ears had been opened to understand what the angels hear every Sunday. Our human senses catch the anthem, and the confession of sin but heaven is aware of the wild rush of thought that in many a mind takes the place of reverence.

What is the remedy? Discipline, control the mind, especially at sacred seasons.

There are many methods of help. There is prayer. You have this matchless book of Common Prayer. You must love some of the Collects better than others. Commit them to memory. Like that beautiful one for the sixth Sunday after Epiphany, or the fourth Sunday after Easter.

Kneeling in his cave, a hermit was repeating from an illuminated book of prayers, earnest petitions. Suddenly it seemed to him that a form of exquisite beauty stood before him ridiculing his piety, and advising him to set fire to the book. Instantly he caught up the breviary and hurled it with all his force at the figure. In a moment it was gone. The wall of his cell reappeared and the volume lay on the floor uninjured.

So when the devil besets you with the mental invitation to a sin, do you strike at his head with the first Psalm, or the sixty-eighth Psalm, or the hundredth Psalm, or the fourteenth chapter of St. John. God's Word won't be hurt in the encounter, and you will clean out your heart.

Insist that when you call thoughts of reverence and of the sweetness of religion and of the perfections of God, and of the loveliness of Jesus Christ, they shall rise.

Never forget those words at the close of St. Paul's letter to the Philippians, where with a clear knowledge of our mental limitations and perils he provides the helps that will keep us true.

"In nothing be anxious; but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving let your requests be made known to God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding shall guard your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus." "Finally brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

[Let us pray: "May God defend us from all adversities which may happen to the body and

from all evil thoughts which may assault and hurt the soul."

"Search me, Oh God, and know my heart:
Try me, and know my thoughts:
And see if there be any way of wickedness in me,
And lead me in the way everlasting."

Grant to us Lord, we beseech thee, the spirit to think and do all such things as are right.]

VI

"CHRIST REJECTED"

VI

"CHRIST REJECTED"

Preached in Christ Church, Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn.

"Pilate gave sentence that it should be as they required."

St. Luke 23: 24

The services for the fourth Sunday in Lent bring before the Church the inevitable controversy. In the prophet Micah, it is the contention in the sight of the universe between a mortal and his God. In St. John, it is the dispute of Christ with his enemies. Let us anticipate the next few weeks and view this war between good and evil, between God and the wicked heart as impersonated in Pontius Pilate, the man who decided for the wrong and who sacrificed whatever he counted valuable.

"Pilate gave sentence that it should be as they required."

A strange statement! Put the emphasis on

the pronoun and we get the full force of the absurdity. "Pilate gave sentence that it should be as they required."

For a moment consider who Pilate was: Procurator of Judaea, possibly of noble birth, appointed by the senate and Emperor of Rome as the supreme authority in Caesarea; housed in a palace, with legions behind him to hold in check all insurrection, and to maintain that code of laws which even to-day underlies the legislation of the most civilized lands.

He had power legal, political, social, military —a very fortress of a man.

And who were "they?" A Jewish horde led by fanatical officeholders: a mob with no respect for law, inflamed with religious bigotry, scorning justice, furious against Jesus of Nazareth, hating Rome and whatever belonged to her—mere shadows, nobodies, ciphers in comparison with the Governor. "And Pilate gave sentence that it should be as they required."

Let us look into this. Let us try to understand why the capitol surrendered to the rabble, why the cedar of Italy bowed down to the bullrush of Jordan.

The event has universal interest. This procurator, with his credentials from the Senate, with his palace and legions stands for each of us;

for before us too Jesus the Son of God and Saviour of the worlds comes to be judged.

Observe how Pilate, from the beginning, occupies a false position. The first encounter is on the title of "King." His accusers had said that Jesus claimed to be a king, and so affronted Caesar. Pilate now asks "Art thou the king of the Jews?"

If the governor could only have met the encounter with faith, Jesus would have vindicated His royalty in Pilate's establishing and ennoblement. Our Lord fastens him to that thought of Kingship: "My Kingdom is not of this world. If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now is my kingdom not from hence." Something of majesty must have gleamed before the Roman, for his response, though a question in form, really declares assent, "Thou art a King, then?"

Christ repeats the words, "Thou sayest that I am a King. I came into the world to testify of the Truth. Every one that is of the Truth heareth my words." When before or since heard any court more regal speech? Pilate surely voices some degree of earnestness in the famous exclamation "What is Truth?" One more soul affirms that somewhere the solid,

certain verity must exist. He seems to say that he would clasp in spiritual adoration that Truth. He is alone with Jesus: alone, before the Truth! Yet he is not sincere, not humble. There is more than a suspicion of irony, sarcasm. The marble throne cannot conceal its scorn of the peasant's cloak.

He sees Majesty not of the sceptre but of the spirit and he will not bow. He knows but does not. He salutes Truth and slights her. Ostentatiously seeking, he has mocked Truth in his heart.

> "His honor rooted in dishonor stood
> And faith unfaithful made him falsely true.
> And he who is falsely true, is truly false."

Truth for that man is slain.

Now suppose this Roman governor to have thought, My chief duty is not to search out philosophical problems, but to secure Justice. Whatever this Galilean knows, or knows not, claims or claims not, I must insist on fair treatment. He shall not be crushed by a factional conspiracy. Right shall be done.

This sounds promising. He may be said to have entertained a prejudice in His favor. Jesus is not a perfect stranger: He has entered Pilate's palace. Did his wife pause once on

some street, in some precinct or court of the Jews' great temple, and listen to the Christ, and go away with a woman's solemn persuasion that from the lips of a Galilean Peasant had sounded forth truths that would emancipate woman, and convert men, and purify laws and institutions? Or had some disciple of Jesus, some unknown preacher of the Good Tidings touched her heart? Had the Greek Church reason in abundance to include her among Christian saints? She sends this message: "Have thou nothing to do with that just man, for I have suffered many things in a dream because of him this day."

As we study the narrative in the four Evangelists, we see that the governor passed through three stages: he suspected Jesus was innocent; he believed Jesus was innocent; he knew Jesus was innocent.

But here is the difficulty: that mob does not want justice but death for the Nazarene. Evidence is not the main thing. At the same time the crowd realizes that it can get what it wants only through Pilate. When with a sense of his own weakness, the Governor tries to shift the burden to other shoulders saying, Take ye him and judge him according to your law, they instantly reply, "Our law will not permit to put any man to death." Pilate with all his elements

of strength must be overborne, tricked, hoodwinked to pronounce penalty of death.

The religious accusation, the charge of blasphemy will not now avail; Jesus must be made to appear an enemy of the State. Yet Pilate is resolute about Justice. How shall it be done, O Judge!

He speaks to Jesus; "Hearest thou not how many things they witness against thee?" Strange question from Rome's representative! His business is with evidence, not with street clamor. So Jesus answers with silence. Which shakes Pilate, who goes out to parley with the crowd. "I find no fault in this man." Then justice must release. A child would conclude so. But Pilate stops to listen to prejudice, "He stirreth up the people, beginning from Galilee." Ah, says Pilate to himself, lucky word Galilee: not my jurisdiction; Herod's. ***But you know He is innocent.*** How dare you risk His fate with that trickiest of politicians, Herod Antipas, whose two darling principles are to please the Jews and to please Rome. You have said He is innocent: that is enough.

With Pilate the last state is worse than the first. Herod blandly admits he finds no crime in Jesus. Pilate has once more to face the mob: "I find no fault in Him: no, nor yet Herod, for I

sent you unto him, and lo, nothing worthy of death is done unto Him. I will therefore scourge Him and let Him go."

Shame, Pilate! You, Procurator of the mightiest empire of history, believe your prisoner innocent: and Herod the King clears Him. And you will lay the thongs, the rods on his back! You trip justice on the steps of your throne, you laud her and stab her heart!

Instead of this Pilate, this fine gentleman, this devotee to good form, this dilettante governor who ridicules philosophy, and sneers at virtue, and laughs at devotion, and says the wisest course is to get all the pleasure out of life you can; we might have had another kind of Roman.

Scipio the younger deliberately sacrificed his popularity, by offending both political parties, to do what he thought right. With opportunities to roll up an enormous fortune, he preferred to stay poor rather than oppress the weak and rob the helpless.

Cato the Censor put out his strength principally against the young free thinking, and loose principled nobles of his day. He wrote off from the lists of Senators and Knights, ejecting from either order the men he judged unworthy on moral or financial grounds.

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From such men, instead of this half sneering, half uneasy question about Truth, instead of this washing of hands, while protesting "I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it," we might have heard something like, "Before all things let right be done. I may be recalled and banished; but I will endure anything rather than see an innocent man put to death."

Why will he not stand up before the world. "Retire, ye bigots. I find no fault in Him. Let Antipas, let all Jerusalem, let the seven hills of Rome accuse him. I, Pontius Pilate, set here to rule and to judge, affirm I have fully reviewed the evidence and find no fault in this man."

Ah, but that would be to have a conscience, and Pilate has murdered conscience along with Truth.

"The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead."

Yet again. He must have thought in any case he would be true to Rome, upholding her honor, at least her interests. Let us see. At this feast of the Passover, it is usual to release some prisoner, on whomsoever the people could agree.

Poor Pilate nominates Jesus—another lazy

device—which suggestion the crowd, knowing its man, scouts. They will have Bar-abbas. And who is that? A political agitator, a leader of sedition, one who has led a popular insurrection against Rome. Bar-abbas was a declared enemy of the Government. Jesus had refused to head a rising, to accept a crown, to marshal Judaism against Italy. Where is the safety of Rome in that far eastern province of Asia? With Jesus of Nazareth. And where is Rome's peril and expectation of Jewish rebellion, and a defiant Judaea, and in due time the cohorts of Titus and Vespasian, and a besieged Jerusalem, and a ruined temple? All these stand with Bar-abbas and his company. And the rabble knowing what it wants, and also what Pilate does not want, insists on the release of Bar-abbas whom it would honor and the destruction of Jesus whom Pilate would commend; "and Pilate gave sentence that it should be as they required." Rome then is fallen too along with Truth and Justice and Mercy.

Let me show these events as picturing a universal controversy, the struggle of each soul to assign a character to Jesus Christ. Pontius Pilate shows clearly that the man who ignores or scorns the Saviour of the world abandons everything of good which life possesses. We see that

he who gives up Christ parts with everything worth having.

> "O dumb be passion's stormy rage,
> When he who might
> Have lighted up and led his age
> Falls back in night."

Let us beware of trying to get rid of Jesus Christ. You cannot get rid of the Son of God. Herod, after trying a while to make him contribute to his amusement, sends Him back to Pilate. You may ask philosophy to take Christ off your hands: philosophy will play with the theme awhile and will return it into your bosom, seven-fold more a mystery than before. You may ask authority, or wealth, or pleasure to relieve you of Him, but in a little time they will throw Him back on your soul, with Pilate's query, "What shall I do then with Jesus, who is called Christ?" Each man must find an individual response to the universal question, What think ye of Christ?

Consider this single proposition—a Saviour must be abandoned or accepted by me. You interject other matters. What does the voice of distinction, social influence, wealth, say? For these to-day wear the crown that Herod wore. What does society, the majority, the drift of modern thought say? For these have stepped

into the place of the street crowd in Jerusalem. None of these concern you. The soul must meet Christ either in Belief or Unbelief. As in Browning's poem ("Bishop Blougram's Apology") we must live either under the control of Faith, with an occasional temptation by Unfaith, or under the misery of Infidelity with the occasional appeals of Faith. Your own soul tells you Christ is divine, glorious. And in your heart of hearts you know He is your Lord and should be your Master.

Beware of denying that Christ is Truth.

You know Christ is the Truth. Without Him you cannot understand your own nature. You have thought, emotion and will. The passions are ever ready to betray the judgment. Their reason, to most men, is a special pleader to the desires, a hired advocate, ready to justify whatever they have predetermined.

Here a sentinel stands on guard. One set of nerves announces that the storm has drenched him; another that he is faint for food; another that he is sleepy; yet another that at any sacrifice he must hold out for his country's sake till regularly relieved. He confronts a moral choice. He must love one and hate another decision, and throw his strength in the direction he prefers. The will is all-important.

You need some voice to direct you, some higher law, some unerring Truth. That you will find in Christ and in none other. Christ the Truth directs that will when the mind brushes aside its inclinations and prefers a real duty; when it rejects a fancy and reveres a fact; when it humbles passion before intellect; when it insists on right and opposes shame. And Christ the eternal truth is once more deserted and defied when the man decides in favor of ignoble considerations, when he rejects the wise and chooses the foolish, when he is controlled by the unreal and not the real, when he surrenders to the voice of prejudice, because prejudice is fashionable, when he concurs with clamor because clamor threatens to make him unpopular. Where is your infallible voice, your unerring standard? You must have the truth as it is in Jesus.

The grandest function of mind is to weigh contrary impulses, and in love of Christ Jesus to decide for the right.

Let us not make Pilate's mistake of attaching undue importance to standing well with our community. We may buy popularity, smug, social prestige, the good will of the careless, or the base, at too high a price. In ancient Palestine and through modern Long Island it is better to be right than applauded.

For enduring honors look to the rewards of God. The humblest believer who toils in Christ's kingdom to purify, by God's help, his own soul and at the same time to help other souls, is building up for himself and his brethren an everlasting happiness and renown. Work in the interest of man's reputation or profit is like carving in ice; work in the interest of man's spirit is like fashioning steel. That which ends in the accumulation of wealth is like writing on the sand; that which leads humanity upwards to temperance, to self-respect, to righteousness, is like a pyramid looming over a desert. What a man wins here does not stay by him long; what treasure he can send on ahead of him into the kingdom of heaven, abides. Moth and rust have no destructiveness there: jealousy and detraction cannot injure.

Guard against the formation of a superficial, flippant character. Cultivate simplicity and sincerity.

Every day we see people who, as we say, have no mind. They listen to the babble of the careless, to the counsels of cowardice, to their own prejudices, and grow bewildered, and know not what to think, and end by following the line of least resistance. The jelly fish floats hither or thither according to the tide. Pilate was swayed

by a Jewish mob to put Christ to death, just as, if Peter, John and the others had been in the majority, he would have set Him free. The people whose motto is, a good time to-day—to-morrow take care of itself, may skip along smoothly enough over the levels of fortune, but they break down before life's rough places.

God and men love a soul which has convictions, strong persuasions, beliefs which cannot easily be shaken.

We take our lives too easily. Contend for justice even if it costs you something. Hazard your comfort, your good name, your money to see that right is done. There is something tonic and stimulating in the example of men who feel they are called to track antarctic ice-fields in order to solve the secret of the poles, and who true to that conviction go forward to starvation and freezing. Lack of principle is sinful and leads to catastrophies just as terrible as do the wicked passions.

VII

"OUR CITIZENSHIP IN HEAVEN"

VII

"OUR CITIZENSHIP IN HEAVEN"

(Preached in the Church of the Redeemer, Brooklyn.)

"For our citizenship is in heaven; from whence also we wait for a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ: who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation, that it may be conformed to the body of his glory, according to the working whereby he is able even to subject all things unto himself."—Phil. III:20, 21.

The passage reminds one of those mountains that primeval convulsions lifted up on successive terraces. The climber to-day looks above and thinks he sees the top, but when you gain the ridge, lo! another summit looms beyond to show in turn another higher yet. St. Paul shows thought rising above thought, conception overtopping conception.

Let us dwell on the comprehensive sweep of these words, as they sound the depths of humanity and soar to the contemplation of divine omnipotence.

1. We start low down with Man's Body of

Humiliation. The expression in the old Bibles —"our vile body"—is not to be retained. We dare not apply such a term to the nature our blessed Lord assumed at the Incarnation. It is rather a body in which we meet humiliation. It holds us down by physical bands, limiting mental application and hindering the spirit.

Looked at in the most favorable light, it is an animal nature which, except under the tense guidance of a very strong soul, is likely to break out into passionate insurrection.

In its innumerable nerve centres it holds the elements of pain, the seats of disease, the causes of functional disorder, and of organic decay. It connects man with the very soil out of which he was formed, by the productions of which he subsists, along which he passes in the morning to his work and in the evening to his rest; to which he is chained—into which he falls at death.

Mortality is much the same word with mortification.

2. We get on a higher plane in the thought of our citizenship. In spite of disease and death, we belong to a commonwealth whose chief and most populous province is not here.

Our citizenship, our commonwealth is in heaven.

The term "conversation" carries the early

meaning of the word, one's conduct, or manner of life in society, as in the expression, one's "walk and conversation."

When these words were penned, the human mind confronted the most imposing form of government the world had ever seen, the mighty empire of Rome. St. Paul brushes the colossal system aside as he writes, "Our citizenship is in heaven." Each century, as these words of the Epistle have echoed through the Church, men have seen various powers in the ascendant—the Empire of Charlemagne, the Republic of Venice, the world powers of Austria and Spain. Yet still the voice has proclaimed, "Our citizenship is in heaven." On this quiet Sunday, west of the Atlantic, with wars and rumors of wars yonder, with the ending of an exciting political canvass, the grim, grand words sound on, "Our citizenship is in heaven."

There is great emphasis in the Greek on the verb "is" (υπαρχει). We are right now citizens of the heavenly commonwealth. We have not to wait for the dignity till Christ's Parousia. If you are a believer your life already is hid with Christ in God. The "crucified with Christ" are even now naturalized in the Kingdom.

How powerfully has this been felt by those great souls who have been willing to suffer for

Christ! The Eleventh Chapter of Hebrews does not end at the last verse.

When Sir Thomas More, Chancellor of England, was imprisoned in the Tower of London because he would not act against his conscience, he was visited by his wife who said to him:

"I marvel much, Mr. More, that you, who have hitherto been taken for a wise man, should now so play the fool as to lie here in this close, filthy prison, shut up with rats and mice, when you might be abroad at your liberty, enjoying the favor of the king and Council. You might dwell in peace in your fair house at Chelsea, with your library, gallery and garden, and be merry in company with me, your good wife, and your children and household."

"Why, good Alice," said he, with a winning smile, "is not this prison as near Heaven as my own house?"

He felt his citizenship in the truest sense was far away from England.

The laws of Christ's world apply to us now. Christians derive their supreme impulse not from the conditions of this world, but from the principles that sway the heavenly state where righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost have displaced the motives of those "whose god

is their belly, whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things."

3. We go higher yet. The Christian—bearing about this body of humiliation, and encouraged by an invisible association with a higher world—cherishes an inspiring hope. From our commonwealth in the heavens, we are looking for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ to appear.

4. Now comes a momentous exaltation. At His Advent this Saviour "shall fashion anew this body of our humiliation that it may be conformed to the body of His glory." Think as meanly as you please of your natural constitution, your body is reserved for a brilliant destiny.

Very plainly here are two thoughts: the body of humiliation is to be fashioned anew.

This means the regeneration of the animal life, the ethereal dignity of that which looks so gross. We understand "an organic connection with the present body, but not its resuscitation. There is a change of form, but not a destruction of personal identity."

Then Christ will so fashion anew this body of humiliation that we shall be conformed to the body of His glory.

Conceive of Christ as wearing a body which enshrines His infinite majesty and power.

Think of the being of the eternal and incorruptible God, an effulgence which includes no shade, no suggestion of anything earthly.

The goal is Christ's luminous, radiant personality.

The Christian will have an "essential assimilation" to Christ, to the body of glory He took when He rose and which He now wears on the throne and shows to the blessed saints.

In the assumption of a resemblance to that splendor, the life of a believer attains its consummation.

5. So we gain at last the glorious summit of St. Paul's argument. The highest reach is Christ's Omnipotence. "According to the mighty power by which he is able even to subject all things unto himself." He does not promise immortality alone. "Able to subdue all things unto himself"—all substances, all evil natures, all resisting tendencies, all obstructive devices. He is able to bring every thought into captivity to Himself. He is able to destroy the last enemy, which is death.

As for the Transformation here promised, it is inconceivable, unthinkable. We know nothing of the method. No one can describe it: no one can image it. Christ is Himself the first fruits from the dead, and He says "This is the will of

my Father, that every one that beholdeth the Son and believeth on him should have eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day." He never explains the statement. He says it and lets it stand—like that unknown king who planned the great Egyptian pyramid. Christ said it and all the hurricanes and cyclones of the ages have not dislodged the massive truth with its eternal foundations: "I will raise him up at the last day." Our Lord proceeds on the assumption that, just as all men know that there is a God and that they owe Him service and that their sins are displeasing to Him, so they know that back of this visible world there is an invisible and spiritual universe, and that after we have passed out of this temporary state we shall enter upon that lasting condition. While our attention is demanded—alas! often engrossed—by the present life, there is an eternal life behind the veil inviting each of us.

We embarrass ourselves in trying to conceive of Immortality in the forms of logic and of scientific demonstration. Make it a matter of faith. Let it rest on Christ. Has he said that He would do it? Is He able to do it? When all is taken into consideration, do you believe Christ? Answer that question and you will decide for yourself whether or not you accept Immortality.

Let me fasten two thoughts:

A. The intimate union between the Christian in this life and the glorified Christ yonder. The Christian here is dependent for his comfort, his strength, his very life on his Lord in glory. There passes a mighty influence from the Christ who seems so far away, to each timid soul.

This has been illustrated by the story of a little plant growing in a ravine, that parted two sheep ranges, and close to a bridge permitting the flock to pass to and fro. The stem rooted in a poor soil found no sufficient nourishment. After a time it sent out a tendril which slowly crept along the frail bridge and fixed itself in the rich loam on the other side of the brook. Along that almost invisible fibre it drew sap and sustenance till it grew into a vigorous tree. So the resurrection life of Jesus transmits strength to our souls. Here the Christian life is rooted in an unfriendly soil and, could it find no better nourishment, it would die. But, relying on the word of Him who was dead but is alive again for evermore, whose dwelling place is in the heavenly country, we send the fibre of a mighty hope across the river into that better land and rejoice and become strong in the strength that God supplies. "Our citizenship is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour."

Be consistent. If you feel your citizenship is

in heaven, act accordingly. It is foolish to claim an illustrious fatherland, and never avail oneself of its blessings. A youth with some talent for drawing went to Paris to establish himself as an artist. At first he told everybody that he was not a Frenchman and never intended to become one. Preferring our form of government, he would not endure the thought of naturalization in any other land. Not on very good terms with his family, many years passed before he even thought of returning for a brief visit to New York. Gradually enemies as well as friends died off. A time arrived when he felt he could with dignity visit America. But he was now hard at work at painting. Some distinction had come. He sold canvases. His early struggles seemed ended. But he was too busy to cross the ocean. Ten years passed away, twenty, thirty. The fickle public found no sign of growth or progress in his work and turned to younger producers. Income declined. Health suffered. Early French acquaintances passed away. It was necessary to go to a hospital, to crave support from friends. He now spoke French perfectly, appeared like a Parisian. Those who knew his American birth urged him to go back to his friends. Suddenly there dawned upon the old man of seventy that in America he had not a friend, not an acquaintance,

not a relative. He had forgotten his own land, and he died—a weary, penniless exile—in the land for which he had forgotten his birth-place.

Are not Christians like this? We say we are living not for time but for eternity. Do we mean it? Are we consistent? Are we, by our absorption in the poor realities of the present, cutting ourselves off from the enjoyment, the honor, the glory of things to come?

B. The Practical influence of a strong faith in Immortality.

What is certain is that you need this hope of the refashioning in the struggle of life. In the very Lesson of to-day the thought comes. Christ says, "I must work while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work."

Everything here has an end. We can imagine a world in which things continue unceasingly, where springtime never fades, the trees never lose their leaves, the flowers never wither, human life never closes. In reality nothing lasts—clothes, tools, houses, bodies. We exist in a system which builds up a series of repetitions that, just as we think they will go on forever, in a moment terminate. My friendship with one has lasted many years: I leave him with a careless good-night, expecting to see him on the morrow. But I never see him again. You

say: "My life is a perfect treadmill: how often I have gone up and down my front steps, entering and leaving my house." You will enter your portal some day for the last time, and your next going out your door and down your steps will be a carrying. Whatever begins here has an end. We must all work: night cometh.

Often the changes come swiftly.

They do in nature. All the long summer a mulberry tree was a delight. First the tender leaves; then the bright red fruit—millions of clusters attracting the birds; then the ground underneath black with the fallen, ripe berries. Slowly the tree put on a chaste, yellow, autumn splendor. The surrounding maples scattered their leaves at every blast, but the mulberry boughs were full. Sunday night there was a killing frost. At dawn Monday, the mulberry was beautiful as ever, though each delicate plant around it was limp and black. As the sun rose, the heat loosened the mulberry leaves and in the still air they began to drop—not slowly, not rapidly, but always a score or two falling; not urged by the wind, just freed as the frozen stems softened in the sunshine. For three hours the tree seemed to be weeping leafy tears for the sudden desolation of the flowers. Then the branches, without a leaf, were outlined against

the sun, while a deep circle of leaves covered the lawn. What flourished at sunset on Sunday, vanished at the next sunrise. So human things come to an end.

It is so in life. A recent publication tells this story of the Reign of Terror in Paris during the French Revolution. It was just after the death of the Queen, Marie Antoinette, that Isabey, the painter, early one morning was setting to work. A sudden knock at the studio door made him tremble. A woman, heavily cloaked, entered.

"I wish to have my portrait painted."

"Yes, madam."

"Take your brushes at once. In an hour I must pay you and take the portrait away with me."

"But madam, why such haste? You must give the artist his time."

"I am not in a hurry, but the guillotine is. I am on the list of suspects. I shall be arrested to-day, condemned to-morrow, executed the day after. I have children: they must have my portrait. Proceed."

The horrified artist seized his paints, dashed off a rapid sketch, received his pay, and saw the unknown disappear, carefully guarding the canvas.

So, the record, the achievement that you are to

make and leave may be very suddenly called for.

In such a world of surprises we must have this sure hope that Jesus offers.

The thought of Immortality is not abstract—it is intensely practical. Everyday life in the New Testament draws its inspiration from the heavenly country. "Children obey your parents in the Lord." "Servants be obedient to your masters as unto Christ." "And ye masters do the same things to them: knowing that both their Master and yours is in heaven." With St. Peter, we confess that we are strangers and pilgrims.

To believe all this does not withdraw a man's interest from the present life. "Wherefore my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

For us here and now the words have extraordinary fitness. Autumn is dying and the fluttering leaves bring pensive reflections on the end of life.

Recall that touching service a few days ago, when before the altar of God we commemorated All Saints. Reflect that the Advent season is at hand with its solemn expectation of the returning Lord. To-day the Church meets us with a

rapturous hope. This transitory world is not our own. Our great interests are in the heavens. Jesus is there and when He comes for us He will impart what He has and what He is.

If we feel that Immortality has dropped out of modern thought, we must remember that it was not so with our Lord, not so with His apostles. No life is what it should be till it acknowledges, in the discharge of present duty, the everlasting hope.

Take this thought of Immortality because it expands immeasurably the meaning of life. It is related of Michael Angelo that, criticising the work of a pupil, he wrote on the marble the word "amplius"—"wider"—because the young man lacked breadth of treatment, grandeur of thought, bold execution. Just so narrow is anyone's conception of life who leaves out the majesty of eternity. Make your work amplius, wider.

Amid the disheartening experiences of life, draw inspiration and courage from the heavenly country.

Cherish more affectionately the thought of Immortality.

Indulge to the fullest the idea of a better time coming. "We look not at the things which are seen."

"OUR CITIZENSHIP IN HEAVEN"

Desire a better country, that is a heavenly.

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like Him."

One has said that "a man is a god in the chrysalis." May each of us say: "As for me, I shall behold Thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake with Thy likeness."

VIII

"THE TENTH MAN"

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"THE TENTH MAN"

(Preached in the Cathedral of the Incarnation.)

"Were there not ten cleansed? But where are the nine?"—St. Luke XVII:17

Our Lord, moving along the road toward Jerusalem, encountered a company of lepers confined in some enclosure within sight and sound of passers-by. They had heard of His power over disease and they raised cry for help. He answered their appeal by a command, "Go show yourselves unto the priests." As they went they were cleansed. Nine, in mechanical conformity, kept on toward the synagogue, but the heart of the tenth flamed with rapture and gratitude. The first use he made of strength was to rush back and fall at his Saviour's feet and give the glory to God. And the wonder was that he was not an orthodox Jew but a schismatical Samaritan.

Jesus did not fault him for carrying out only in

part His bidding, but held him up, alien though he was, as an example to us all. "Were there not ten cleansed? Where * * * Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Let us study this man in his ostracism, in his humbled remembrance of his affliction, in his registry of a solemn truth about God, and in his gratitude.

1. Notice how our Lord speaks of him—"this stranger." "The Jews have no dealings with Samaritans." They were aliens, sentenced to a perpetual ostracism from the confidence and kindness of Jews. While their religion was partly Jewish, their blood was entirely heathen. Their Bible was the Pentateuch only—the five books of Moses that told the story of Creation, the call of Abraham, the going down into Egypt, the giving of the law at Sinai, and the death of Moses. All the rest of our Old Testament—the conquest of Canaan, the Psalms, the Prophets, the promises of Messiah, seraphic utterances of Isaiah—these the Samaritans rejected. By a natural law the Hebrews hated more the neighbors who received a part of their Scriptures than those idolatrous peoples who had never heard of them. Worse than gentiles they were heretics.

Yet this man alone of the ten, when he felt health coursing through his limbs, cried: "Be-

fore I see the priest, I go to Him who healed me." It is remarkable that the evangelist who alone records this reflection on the people of Israel has the only record of the parable which goes under the name of the Good Samaritan who restored to life, with wine and oil and good nursing, the robbed and bleeding traveler whom Jew after Jew had left to die.

We often get the most from the people from whom we expect least. From some who give little promise, we often get the noblest manifestations of character. Most of us, in a first interview, would have discovered no statesmanship in Abraham Lincoln, nor any generalship in Ulysses Grant.

"Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Certainly. From the most discouraging conditions you may get talent, beauty, power, genius, inspiration. Even from Nazareth —obscurest, unaccessiblest of hamlets—come Divinity, Emmanuel, God with us. The principle has moral application. Don't assume the wickedness of a man because he belongs to a particular race or comes from a particular city, or has had particular associations.

In God's sight, advantages and privileges often count for nothing while as the result of deprivation we not seldom see wisdom and might.

Christ observes no distinctions between races and religions. We are reminded of what St. Paul said in Athens: "God made of one blood every nation of men to dwell on all the face of the earth." The Gospel aims at the creation of a brotherhood where there cannot be Greek and Jew, circumcised and uncircumcised, barbarian, Cythian, bondman, freeman, but where Christ is all and in all.

What has the world not lost in two thousand years by forgetting this principle of the Prince of Peace, and, instead, parcelling men into petty groups, tribes, nations, races—each reckoning itself the natural, implacable, eternal enemy of some other tribe or nation living beyond some river or across some mountain range! Oh that we might rid ourselves of the superstition that erects the ideal of a narrow and bigoted patriotism, scorning Concord and Brotherhood. Not till we rise above that absurdity shall we beat our swords into ploughshares, and have the nations learning war no more.

2. Contemplate him as registering in a personal, objective way the solemn truth of the divine recognition of the ingratitude of men.

Of him Jesus asked, in grieved confidence: "Were there not ten cleansed? Where are the nine?" Most of the leading thoughts of the Gos-

pel stand in memory associated either with certain places or persons. Our ideas easily associate themselves with localities. Successful soldiers write their names on battlefields soaked with blood in vain endeavor to immortalize themselves. For only a few scholars know to-day what was won and lost at Megiddo, at Marathon, at the Candine Forks. In a few generations they will not talk of Waterloo or Sedan.

Jesus inscribes His teachings on a few spots that gather splendor from century to century. Bethlehem's light will ever grow brighter with the reminder that God has appeared in human flesh; and Galilee will teach the nobility of common life, and Tiberias the holiness of the hardest toil, and Decapolis the power of prayer, and Bethany the sweetness of friendship when based on devotion to Christ, and its sorrows the majesty of grief, and Gethsemane the sublimity of duty, and Golgotha the victory of pain, and Emmaus the conquest of death. What Jesus Christ has made these holy places mean to us, all the mines of gold could not purchase, all the universities of the world could not discover, a thousand battlefields could not enforce.

But here is a truth not taught by a place, but by a man. Scholars cannot determine where Jesus stood when this recovered leper fell at His feet.

Perhaps on the boundary of Galilee and Samaria. It makes no difference. This man is greater than the place. Enough to know that through his beautiful reverence the Omnipotent God looked, as through a rent in rolled-up heavens and spoke this truth, that God who made these worlds is saddened when those on whom He has conferred all they have, turn from Him without a word of acknowledgment, without a glance of appreciation. Is it for a moment conceivable that Christ did not taste sorrow when, perhaps gazing up the road, He said: "Were there not ten cleansed? But where are the nine?"

So to-day from the glory of the throne of God these same questions are heard: "Were there not ten cleansed? But where are the nine?" Is one to ten the real proportion of the thankful to the thankless? Where are the nine? Is there one of them, my brother, sitting in your place?

Just as Jesus suddenly entered with an unspeakable vigor into the life conditions of these disfigured men, conquering their repulsiveness with his beauty, so He enters with a personal love the life of every man. One has told us that the substance carbon has sixty thousand known compounds. It has such universal sympathies and affinities that it demands endless forms of mat-

ter in order to attain to full self-realization. So Christ has inexhaustible powers to bestow on humanity, and whatever of His infinite fullness He imparts to any individual He leaves him still the same man he was, only transfused and transformed by reason of the communicated energy and splendor of the divine Master. Jesus Christ has wondrous combining power. He has been well called the "Desire of all nations, the heart throb of history, the completion of the individual, the goal of the races, the crown of the universe."

We have reached the point where the Tenth Man is held up as a pattern to humanity. For this place where our Lord halted in the public road is this globe in miniature: here they bring Him ten lepers and Christ shows them ten cures. We are not told that He took away every trouble that each had, but only that He lifted from each this one frightful affliction of leprosy. Expand your view from ten to sixteen hundred millions, and of each it is true that he is the recipient, in some way, of the abounding love of God. Heaven has conferred on each of us to the world's end some earthly happiness or has delivered each from some earthly trouble. "The Lord is loving to every man, and His tender mercy is over all His works."

Test the broadcast kindnesses of God by your own experience. Have you not had—from a bounty external to yourself and wholly above your control—health, vigor for work, culture, encouragement, sympathy of friends, love? Of many is it not true that they are loaded down with advantages and felicities and successes? Some of our mercies are recent as these lately flown summer days. In unaccustomed scenes we have stored up energy for toilful months to come. The turmoil and terror of war have flashed their lightnings only from a distant horizon.

God has been lavish in kindness even to bad men. We can imagine one of these ten lepers was vicious. It made no difference: health and a smooth skin for each.

Two farms lie side by side. One farmer industrious, prompt in paying debts, regular at church: the other dissolute, paying nobody, drunk half the time. Yet rain and sunshine ripen the crops of both.

"The Lord is loving to every man, and His tender mercy is over all His works."

Giving thus not only of His mercies but of Himself to the world, Christ expects our thanks, our acknowledgment, our gratitude. When this poor heretic ran back, Jesus declared that He had glorified God. How? Simply by voicing his

gratitude to Christ. God on His throne is pleased and honored and glorified by the thankfulness and praise of even the humblest creature, of the youngest child, of the most despised publican, harlot, heretic, who bows and cries, "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

Are you, with a thousand blessings—personal, physical, social, political, cultural, religious—are you in sourness sitting apart, wondering why you were ever born? Can we forget that Gracious One whose favors have blossomed about the steps of every creature even as the daisies litter the hillsides? Don't take as matters of course the good things God sends, and as, on the whole, rather less than your merits deserve. Be sensible of your limitations and at the same time of God's illimitable consideration of your weakness. Cultivate the thankful spirit. Get out of the class of the nine glum ones and try to rank up with the Tenth Man. Even in what you regard as calamities, keep cheerful. Often the events that look like disasters, spell victory. Around the man who sees God things can never be so black that much joyful light does not penetrate. Paul and Silas had so many blessings in reserve that after they had been hooted, mobbed, scourged, jailed, they sat up wide awake at midnight and prayed and sang praises. Remember

all your reserved mercies. If your house is not quite so large as you would like, thank God it shelters you all. If you don't bring home much money Saturday night, tell heaven you're glad you have the work.

Deeply touching is the story of one who had been terribly afflicted. Born in full health, disease came in the second year. In her own words, "Those happy days did not last long. One brief spring, musical with the song of robin and mocking-bird; one summer, rich in fruit and roses; one autumn of gold and crimson sped by and left their gifts at the feet of an eager, delighted child: then the sickness that closed eyes and ears."

At last her own resolution, and the skill, science, and devotion of friends, wrought a marvel in the way of education. At every step there is the out-gush of gratitude. To the cultivated woman, the interview of the six-year-old child sitting on Alexander Graham Bell's lap and trying to catch the tinkling of his repeater seemed, as it was, "the door through which she would pass from darkness to light, from isolation to friendship, companionship, knowledge, love."

Of one friend after another she said that they lived to diffuse happiness, declaring that in a

thousand ways they had turned her limitations into beautiful privileges, enabling her to walk serene and happy in the shadows cast by her deprivation.

Two forms in the Prayer Book we should often repeat:

"Almighty God, father of all mercies, we thy unworthy servants do give thee most humble and hearty thanks for all thy goodness and loving kindness to us and to all men. We bless thee for our creation, preservation and all the blessings of this life; but above all for thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord, Jesus Christ."

The other is the Evening Thanksgiving in the Family Prayers:

"To our prayers, O Lord, we join our unfeigned thanks for all thy mercies; for our being, our reason, and all other endowments and faculties of soul and body; for our health, friends, food and raiment, and all the other comforts and conveniences of life. . . . We bless thee for thy patience with us, notwithstanding our many and grievous provocations; for all the directions, assistances and comforts of thy Holy Spirit; for thy continual care and watchful providence over us through the whole course of our lives."

Well may we all cry, with the Psalmist:

"Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; Who forgiveth all thy sin, and healeth all thine infirmities; Who saveth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with mercy and loving kindness."

IX

"PALM SUNDAY"

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(Preached in the Cathedral, Garden City.)

"A great multitude that had come to the feast, when they heard that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem, took the branches of the palm trees, and went forth to meet him." —St. John XII:12, 13

Our Lord's entrance into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday made a powerful impression both on His friends and His foes. When the four Evangelists penned the story of His life, each felt this could not be omitted and each added characteristic comments. From the apostles' day to our own, the narrative has appealed with peculiar force to the Christian imagination.

Perhaps the popular mind has here seen an approach, on however humble a scale, to that glory to which Jesus Christ was justly entitled as Head of the Church and King of kings, as Saviour of men, and Son of God. Though on other occasions our Lord collected great throngs about Him, it was generally with their hope of witness-

ing a miracle, whereas here the multitude seems intent on doing honor to Himself.

There is every reason to suppose that the Christ purposed to make the act of entering the Holy City on this day significant of His work, His character and His redemption. It is impossible, in the time, to treat the various features of the history—the fulfilment of Zachariah's prophecy; the use of the she-ass and her young foal; the shout of triumph, "Hosannah, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." So let us examine more closely the use that was made of the Palms that have given name to this Sunday.

At the outset we must distinguish between two incidents.

St. John says: "A great multitude that had come to the feast when they heard that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem, took the branches of the palm trees, and went forth to meet Him." Do not confound this with another incident. St. Matthew and St. Mark tell us that a great multitude cut down branches from the trees and strewed them in the way. Mark says that they cut these branches from the fields. An eminent scholar declares that these apparently similar actions were really distinct. It would not have been practical, he points out, to cut branches on the moment from palm trees which reached a

height of eighty to one hundred feet. The branches strewn in the way were in all probability from the smaller olive trees. Those who used them had come with our Lord from the direction of Bethany and Beth-phage, while those who had the palms came from Jerusalem, and, on meeting the others, faced about and returned to the Holy City and Temple, bearing, as was the custom on occasions of victory and rejoicing, these branches of palm.

It is, then, the palm that we shall study to-day.

Now, first we are all used to the palm as a symbol of victory. The leaf is a hand which branches out into many fingers, and the waving of palms produces a like sense of exaltation as does the lifting of the hand in applause, or blessing.

When Simon Maccabæus, after the surrender of the tower at Jerusalem, made a formal entrance, it was with music and thanksgiving and branches of palm trees. So, when he had recovered the Temple in the city, "They bare branches and palms, and sang psalms also unto him that had given them good success."

So our Lord to-day presents Himself to the Holy City, to the Temple, to the nation as a King, victorious. Not over enemies, but over evil. Here had been Israel's error. They miscon-

ceived His Royalty; they did not understand of what sort His conquering was.

No doubt many acted from mixed motives—in part cherishing the hope that at last heaven had sent the expected Messiah who would deliver the political Israel from submission to Rome and would establish her national independence and build her up in prosperity and glory; in part desiring that the Nazarene would essay the rôle of a social reformer and elevate humanity to a condition from which poverty, or at least disease, would be forever banished.

The old predictions as to the Messiah had been strangely misread by the people. They were rejecting Him because he was not a great military leader, inciting revolt against Rome. No such thing had been promised; no such thing was to be seen. Just exactly what had been predicted, Jerusalem was to behold. Our Lord selected a moment when, with the gaze of the whole land upon Him, He might give one unmistakeable portrait and symbol of what He was, and of what He had come to do.

As her king, He advances to Zion.

Observe that we have not the unconscious fulfilment of a prophecy, but the deliberate making good of an ancient saying. Jesus of Nazareth calmly goes about realizing what had been fore-

told of the Messiah. Prophecy had said that Zion's King would come to her lowly and just, riding on a colt, the foal of an ass. Our Lord proceeds to conform literally. Jerusalem he would enter, a king, but such a king as the world had never seen—not cruel but just; not attended by an army but by throngs of children; not crowned and clothed in purple, but habited in the travel-stained garments of a peasant; not fabulously wealthy but very poor; not acclaimed with the rattling of shield and spear and sword, but with shouts of Hosannah; not on superbly caparisoned horse, but on a young foal whereon never man had sat; not erect in a golden chariot drawn by prancing steeds, but seated on an ass's colt; not decreeing the fall of empires and the enslaving of the conquered, but proclaiming deliverance from sin and an everlasting salvation. Yes, He is a king to-day but not such a king as the world ever saw before or since.

Can we see all the grandeur in this manifestation of poverty? Are we more spiritually minded than were those who lived with Him? Can we recognize the divine splendor?

2. The palm branch may symbolize the world expansion of the influence of Jesus. In at least two respects these trees surpass all others in their adaptation to the daily needs of humanity

and in their earth-wide distribution. They exceed in utility all other families of plants excepting the grasses. Food, shelter, clothing, timber, fuel, fibre, fans, baskets, cups, bowls, ropes, cordage, brushes, mats, paper, resin, starch, sugar, oil, wax, wine. In Ceylon, the wealth of a man is estimated by the number and productiveness of his palm trees.

Given a climate approaching the tropical, and palms will encircle the globe with their coronets of feathery splendor. The smallest, remotest, coral island of the Pacific has its palms, due to the fact that the fruit is so easily distributed over the water. The fibrous husk is light, and the leathery skin prevents water-logging, so that the seed striking a beach, after a voyage of hundreds of miles will germinate readily in the sand. These trees on the littoral will in turn drop their fruit into the waves to be carried by tides and currents to vegetate on distant shores.

When Jesus Christ allots a share in His progress to these waving palms, He makes clear declaration that the day of universal submission to His claims is coming.

Church membership in the United States had a growth of over 760,000 in 1914. The total membership is nearly thirty-nine millions in a total population of less than one hundred

million. While the proportion of gain has been largest among the larger bodies like Romanists, Methodists and Episcopalians, the average gain is 2 per cent.

The church expenditures in the same year were four hundred and ten millions—"The largest amount in the history of American Christianity, and larger than the sums given by Christians of any other country." This growth has been in spite of a decline of old-fashioned revival methods.

Newer Church methods train children through the Sunday School for the Church and represent the Christian life not as springing from emotional convulsion but as a normal development like physical and mental growth.

Golf and Sunday excursions suggest that religion is losing its power, but this is fallacious. Unquestionably the people at large recognize their responsibilities as never before and they are putting forth the strongest efforts to reach outsiders. "The Church life is more pervasive and more influential probably than at any period since the great bulk of our population came to live in cities and to be subject to the city distractions and to the lack of responsibility for personal conduct which are the most disorganizing influences in city life."

The Living Church for 1915 puts the total number of communicants of our Church at 1,015,000. Through the country are 5,586 clergy; 424 candidates for Orders; 2,459 Lay Readers and nearly 8,000 parishes. Total baptisims about 68,000: communicants, 28,000 more than in 1913. Pupils in the Sunday Schools, 455,000, Total contributions, nearly $20,000,000.

These men are the prototypes of all-adoring souls acknowledging that, of right, all things whatsoever in heaven and earth belong to Him who is King of kings and Lord of lords—a prediction that the Epistle for Palm Sunday gloriously proclaims: "That in the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, of things in heaven and things in earth and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father."

So there is a teaching of peace. To-day the Church of God should wave the palm branches that usher in the age of universal arbitration.

Our Lord comes not with an argument for militarism on his lips, but with a summons to Brotherhood. He seeks not to make war and to make it frightful, but to promote concord. He averts His gaze from our narrow patriotisms. "All ye are brethren."

When shall those rapturous words that immediately follow the prophecy that we have been considering, come true? "I will cut off the chariot from Ephraim and the horses from Jerusalem and the battle-bow shall be cut off; and he shall speak peace unto the nations; and his dominion shall be from sea to sea and from the river to the ends of the earth."

Right well we know now that the so-called Christian nations by their gigantic armaments have stultified themselves in their professions of peace and that they have mocked the name of that Saviour in whom they declare that their civilizations stand.

In this our day, the world has seen an exact repetition of this pageant at Jerusalem. You have heard of that colossal statue the "Christ of the Andes" which was borne to its place on the mountain top by draft mules.

The Republics of Chile and Argentina had quarrelled over the boundary among the snow-covered peaks, and forthwith the people who blew a trivial difference into a cause for war, set about training soldiers, erecting forts, and building dreadnoughts. Slowly reason and religion demanded a hearing. One Easter Day the Bishop of Buenos Ayres pled for amity and proposed the erection of a statue of

the Prince of Peace on the disputed boundary line.

The clergy, and particularly the women in the two countries—women who have so much to lose in war and so much to gain from peace—caught up the inspiration. The legislatures were importuned, and at last agreed to refer the matter to the arbitration of the King of England. A commission of jurists and geographers brought in a decision which the two countries accepted. Next they agreed to disarm, and spend their revenues on roads and harbors, on light houses and schools instead of howitzers and rifles, and bombs and mines.

Then they set about creating this novel work of art. Some bronze cannon in an ancient fortress near Buenos Ayres were melted and this gigantic figure was cast. Transported by rail to the foot of the mountains, it was then drawn by long trains of mules to the summit, an altitude of 14,000 feet, equal to the height of our own Pikes Peak.

There stands the statue to-day amid the eternal snows of the upper Andes; Jesus Christ with one arm lifted in blessing, and the other holding up the cross: that these two Americas, and all the islands, and Australia, and Asia, and Africa, and even Europe may learn the better

way which these immortal words beneath the statue teach: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust, than Argentines and Chileans break the peace, to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

X

REV. JOSEPH CAREY, S.T.D.

X

REV. JOSEPH CAREY, S.T.D.

Delivered in Bethesda Church, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

"He endured as seeing Him who is invisible."—Heb. XI:27.

In that brief statement the writer sums up the life of Moses and especially his labors during forty years as the Law-giver of Israel, and their leader from Egypt to the promised land of Canaan.

Moses endured. Endurance is a big word The thought is simple but strong—continuance, the quality of lastingness, power to stay, potential permanence: so a continuing under difficulties without yielding to the pressure. You say near all that is noble about a man when you attribute to him endurance. It is not a single, conspicuous quality like bravery, or wit. It is not the same as talent. Many a brilliant nature is entirely destitute of staying power. Genius is like the light

from a conflagration—sudden, blinding, change-producing; endurance is like the gleam of a planet, continuous, a part of the order and progress of a universe. Endurance made Moses the man of his time. "Moses, when he came to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a reason; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater than the treasures of Egypt, for he had respect unto the recompense of reward. By faith he forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king, for he endured as seeing Him who is invisible."

He had vision where other eyes were veiled. While other men saw only the blind play of chance Moses stayed himself on the certainty that God, good and just, is over all; and in that belief he was calm. In his school days at the palace, in the discipline of toil, in the bitter instruction of trouble, in the obscurity of the desert, when the tribes halted with the Red Sea before them and high cliffs on either side and the pursuing army of Egypt behind them, when the thunder and lightning of Sinai appalled the camp, when Aaron and Miriam chafed under his control, when the people threatened to stone him —in every such moment he saw the guiding hand

of Him who appeared at the Bush that burned yet was not consumed—symbolizing the eternity of the One Perfect and Absolute Life, who alone could say to the dying creatures of earth, "I am that I am." He saw the Invisible, and seeing, he remained indomitable.

It is such a career among the saints of the elder age that rises in the mind as we review Joseph Carey's service in this parish of Bethesda. Relying alone on Him who is invisible he consecrated the prime of his life to the guidance through forty years of this people of God. Having long known his rectorate here, let me, instead of giving dates and statistics which others know better, attempt to show how, like all men who have the sublime grace of endurance, he rounded out a life of which symmetry and efficiency are the best description. I would offer some reflections on the Fruits, the Secret and the Lessons of his stability.

As a Priest in the Church of God he was true to a high ideal. With St. Paul he said, "This one thing I do." Often in life we find men in positions that we cannot think Providence ever intended them to fill for the simple reason that they do not and cannot fill them. We meet social misfits—marble hidden in a foundation and cobbles worked into keystones, clerks who

should have been gardeners, and physicians who ought to have been plumbers and blacksmiths. One cannot think of Dr. Carey as anything but a clergyman. His career fitted his endowments as the cast fits the mould. Your glove does not fit your fingers more perfectly, to borrow an illustration, than his ministry ran out into his powers of observation, reflection, concentration, practical sagacity, shrewd judgment, social sympathies.

He would not be diverted from the cure of souls. He was an indefatigable parish visitor. If a friend invited him to ride behind a pair of fast horses or in an automobile, he would ask to be taken out to some old farm house where a Sunday School scholar was sick, or where an old woman was growing steadily weaker. If on a wintry morning the milkman or the policeman found tracks in the snow, they said, "Dr. Carey made an early call to-day."

In him scholarship centred in his reverence for a God invisible but existent. As he gave to the Church every nerve and sinew of his body so he gave every faculty of his mind. All his intellect was concentrated on the study of the Word of God and on its application to human needs. The national Church in its General Convention acted with wisdom in committing very largely to his

rare abilities the preparation of a version of the Holy Scriptures to be read in the public services. With a wide range in the literature of the day he was a recognized authority in theological, patristic and oriental learning. Not alone in endurance but in erudition he might have taken as his pattern Moses who was instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. He had a ready quoting knowledge of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, writing a Hebrew letter on the first Psalm to Rabbi Gottheil. On many a civic and social occasion he represented with fitting words his community. On the Boards of great institutions his influence traveled afar, while his repeated elections to General Convention gave him national reputation. Mention must be made of the illuminating way in which he read the lessons. His accent was the result of profound study and often threw out the sacred writer's meaning as in a flash, as especially in his rendering of the immortal story of Joseph.

He had vast stores of learning, of facts, of allusion, and whatever knowledge he had acquired had been sorted, classified with related truths assigned to a distinct quarter of his mind and reserved perhaps for years till a cognate subject was suggested, when it would be marshalled as a necessary part of his argument.

On his way to church one evening the fire bells rang and as the excitement spread he concluded his prepared discourse would be unsuitable. He selected on the street the text on Tongues of Fire resting on the Disciples at Pentecost. Going into the pulpit he spoke eloquently of fire as a destructive agency and as a civilizing element. He gave a rapid description of the principal historic conflagrations, showing how great improvements often resulted, and he urged all to seek after the descent on their souls of such tongues of flames as would burn out evil passions and would advance the Kingdom of Righteousness.

Having ever before the eye of his soul the Invisible One his words from the pulpit took on the character of the pleading of a Messenger of Christ. For those who long listened here he emblazoned as with letters of diamonds on walls of gold, "We are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." With his prophetical character, he convinced every hearer of his personal interest and of the need for an immediate attention to the duties of religion.

He was accustomed to speak only after extensive reading and deep reflection. A dis-

course on Balaam he declared had grown from meditation on the four noblest sermons on that theme in the English language—by Bishop Butler, Dr. Bushnell, Cardinal Newman, and Phillips Brooks. He was a born preacher, turning all incident to homiletic uses. Motoring up to Lake George with a party he was stopped on account of the speed some distance north of Glens Falls. The driver was told to go at a slower pace. The incident made a strong impression suggesting a discourse to young men. "I will tell them," he said enlarging on the language of the inspector, "You have not done anything as yet to be punished for but you are near the danger line. You are going too fast; you must slow down."

While he had the gift of poetic thought and felicitous expression he possessed the far nobler quality of courage. He had the temper of a John Baptist and would not be restrained from the utterance of any truth he considered timely no matter how unpopular or how unfashionable that truth might be considered. Once riding with three clergymen from New York instead of admiring the scenery, which was beautiful and new to him, he got them all interested in sermon making, and the four men pledged one another that the next time the story of Zaccheus came for the Lesson—"Behold, Lord, the half of my goods

I give to the poor, and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold"—they would preach on the incident using such directness, such Gospel fearlessness and such Christly fidelity as to endanger their popularity and the very tenure of their rectorships. Summoned one night to minister in a house of shame to a notorious woman believed to be dying, he counselled her in Christ's name to forsake her evil practices, to dismiss the unfortunate inmates, and to help them to earn honest livings. On her solemn promise of amendment should she live he baptized her into the Church of God.

His preaching wore through the years because it gave to the doubting, the weak, and the forlorn the bloom of the garden land of holiness, the fragrant duties of righteousness and peace. The sorrowful soul that entered this church and heard one of his sermons departed with a heart softened toward all suffering and with a will reenforced to meet temptation. As he recounted the noble gracious things, the sweet things of the New Testament, weeping faces looked up and something of the Saviour's welcome and of the smile of God shone forth like a sunburst through a thunder storm and the tears were brushed away. Old men came with financial worries,

with the fear of bankruptcy. Women came with bursting hearts. Youth came in its impatience and often in its obstinacy. And he sent the discouraged away with new strength and the despairing with resolution and the perplexed with a willingness to watch God's time and the stubborn with a purpose to listen to reason.

He contributed mightily to the virtue and happiness of his community, as sunshine and showers contribute mightily to the productiveness of our land. Such were the Fruits of Stability: What was its Secret?

He endured. Yonder you have the beautiful shaft that recalls the immortal Revolutionary achievement. Long may it stand to commemorate the past and to inspire our future generations in America, founded as it is upon its granite base resting in turn upon the sandstone, lifted above the thousand hills and the flashing waters of the upper Hudson. So Dr. Carey as man and friend, and priest exhibited usefulness and made claim on the reverence and remembrance of this community because he rested on a foundation immovable as the ledges of continents and joined to the imperishable empire of righteousness.

His foundation went down to the Faith once delivered to the saints. As a preacher he spoke because he believed. Christ was his corner

stone. He never tried to prove such a Being existed; with all the massiveness of his nature he rested on the Crucified and with all his powers he preached Him. To him no article of the Creed was antiquated or meaningless. Dr. Carey surveyed the full orb of Truth understanding when to be uncompromising with sin and when to be tender with the sinner; when to reveal the muddy stream of vice and when to show the Fountain opened in the House of David for sin and uncleanness. He planted himself on the mountain foundation of Hope. He was a grand incarnation of hope in God, of the hope that is not ashamed that maketh not afraid, of the hope that St. Paul says saves a man. "Young men and maidens felt the touch of the chord of hope and it vibrated full and strong. Men whose lives were broken felt God's fingers mending them again for higher uses. Men under the power of ruinous habits saw light where only darkness had been." But really hope is an atmosphere, an empyrean, a firmament. The deepest ledge on which rested this long, singularly useful, and most honorable life was Love. The separate blocks of this man's usefulness, his fearless rebuke of sin, his fidelity to all truth, his powers of consolation, his words of hope, all were united in the basal principle and platform of his life which was

love—just as all the foundations of the heavenly Jerusalem rested on jasper. Dr. Carey loved Christ with a holy passion. He loved God with his heart and mind and soul and strength. He loved his neighbor. He loved the rich and the poor. He loved the man who came here with millions and he loved the black waiters in the hotels for whom, after the heavy duties of a Sunday, he would hold a nine o'clock service. He loved and helped servants who at the close of the season looked blank as they wondered how they would tide over the autumn till the city hotels and homes filled up for the winter. He loved all the good of any clime and of any Church. He loved all who pleaded for Christ. He loved as a brother every believer. He loved the worst sinner he preached to. You can only learn that kind of love from the great Lord of Love. No statesman ever stood more consistently on a political platform than he stood on the Gospel of love.

This trinity of graces made the symmetry of the man. He was extraordinarily laborious, painstaking, conscientious, affable, in the high Pauline sense, "all things to all men." On a level with foremost rank and yet sympathetic with the humblest he recognized his responsibility to minister according to his power to every human being. With an accurate knowledge of

mortal weakness, yet he surveyed society as presenting the splendid possibilities of manhood redeemed in Jesus Christ. Even those who knew him slightly must have noted his practical sagacity, his keen analysis of men and things, his moral enthusiasm, his reverential attitude before all divine truth. He was at once conservative and progressive, optimistic yet discriminating, abounding in humor and yet profoundly religious, by turns diplomatic or simple hearted but so skilled in all the arts that make the man of God as Christ would have him, wise as the serpent and harmless as the dove.

He endured and he will endure. How much more permanent is the work of a Christian pastor and priest than the establishments of princes. The beautiful world-renowed village where he ministered forty years has seen many a proud tower erected by wealth. When those foundations shall be demolished, forgotten, the stately symmetrical dome of this man's memory will still remain gilded with the light of heaven.

What are the Lessons? First: The Memory of a godly gracious Personality.

There is no sublimer figure in all literature than that of Moses on Mount Nebo, to whom after all his struggles God said, "Get thee up into this mountain of Abarim, unto Mount Nebo, and

die in the Mount, and be gathered unto thy people." The sands of his long life are running their last grains. Soon the record will be closed. As Byron said of the dying gladiator, "He bends to death, but conquers agony." The beauty of health, the dignity of a clean, firm body is still with the aged man. "His eye was not dimmed nor his natural force abated." The joys of existence had not left him. Doubtless he could have wished to fight other battles of the Lord and to try the new conditions of existence in a possessed Canaan. But the end has come and he meets it with a sense of triumph. He has an anthem of praise, a grateful Te Deum, a prophetic ode as memory runs back forty years, taking account of obstacles, of errors, of perplexities, of despairs, and pauses at that point of time when he abandoned the riches of a kingdom, when he dismissed the impulses of violence on enemies and vengeance for his wrongs, to endure as seeing Him who is invisible. There was the epitome of his life, the secret of his success. Nebo came as the culmination of all his honors, as the purple and golden sunset flashing with the glories of God after the storms of an era unprecedented and impossible of repetition. So our dearly loved friend gathered dignity and grace as he neared his end. To an unusual

degree he retained his mental powers, his observation, his thirst for knowledge, his ease, joy, and appropriateness in speech. Those very near him saw almost without noting a slowing down in physical exertion and something of solemn eagerness in his pressing of projects, as though a mystic voice had warned him there was no time to lose. There came over him a gravity which imparted a peculiar nobility to his always striking appearance. His stature seemed taller; his features more spiritual; his spirit more placid. None of us thought that the current of his power was in final ebb, the course was so gentle. But the hour had come; we were seeing—

"Such a tide as moving seems asleep
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home."

So he left us. We shall see Dr. Carey no more. We shall see no longer the tall, aristocratic figure with the shapely head and distinguished features, the form of great physical strength, the face radiant with intelligence and sympathy, the striding walk of the man who had no time to waste in reaching his goal. We shall

see no longer the swift turn of the neck, the wide range of that eye that, as he advanced, saw and greeted, to the right or the left on a piazza or in a store or down a side street, some parishioner, some village merchant, some visitor to the Springs, some woman struggling with a heavy bundle, some child on the way to school.

It is past and gone: let the remembrance live! In the close of such a life we are asking how it should make us all better men and women. Let us learn this open secret of his life: endurance. Easy to see that, for the most of people, life is so full of disappointment that the sole chance to accomplish anything must depend on those resources of soul by which we are enabled to hold out to the end, to stand it all, to take all things as they come. Each of us is the builder of a spiritual structure, the architect of a character, and whether the building be great or small the quality of persistence must appear. That will correlate the individual experience with the story of the age and, in a degree, render the humblest soul a fashioner of universal history. It is the trait that makes littleness great, and greatness good.

The truly great names of history were all such men. They endured opposition, defeat, the enmity of small minds. They were not jaunty, self-confident souls who struck a single blow and

saw immediate victory. Their careers were not like those fortunate generals who after more or less training at the military college achieve fame by some happy combination on a battlefield where the contest scarce lasts an hour. Rather their each victory introduced them to some fresh peril. It is not enough to succeed at one stage of the game. Life, above all the saint's life, resembles the game that is played over hill and dale, across highland and low land, with plenty of obstacles. They who would succeed with God, those who exhibit spiritual staying power, have braced their whole nature against their difficulties, marshalling the powers of intellect, the affections of their heart, and the energies of their will upon their object till that object became central in their lives, and received, after repeated defeats, their renewed efforts, as the rock lifting its head above the surf receives again and again the returning surge. Let us, too, endure.

There is at least one thought that should abide with us all who have seen for so many years the passing in and out of this student, philosopher, priest, pastor, preacher, saint. The service of God bestows on mortals, strength, honor, and a living name. Surely there is no better tribute to his worth than the maintenance and, as time goes by, the enlargement of the work

of Bethesda Parish. Few parishes in the land outside the largest cities have wider opportunities, or richer equipment. The ideal has been set very high. Make your exertions proportionate. Avoid partizanship. Remember you are the one Parish in Saratoga and so conduct your services that your brethren from every state shall love to worship here. "Be at peace among yourselves." Never forget that your situation calls for the devoted labor of every communicant. Commend in your daily prayer this church to God. Be present at the Supper of the Lord. Take your place in divine worship. The absence from the Sunday service, save for the gravest cause, of child, woman, man, vestryman, is treason to the Church, a betrayal of a divine trust, a violation of the will and spirit of the lost leader. You fear the active service of God will take your time, will interfere with your vocation. No. Think of your rector. Think of Moses. Do you endure! Devotion in this world to the Church of Jesus Christ compacts and adorns the character, exalts the soul, achieves the fame, establishes the usefulness of even the humblest saint. As you show that mind it will bless your soul, your home, and make your church a spiritual splendor, a national beacon.

Who will take his place? God's work must

not languish. Man on the Vestry, Woman in any of these charities, missions, sacred activities, you must rise to something like his zeal, resolution, determination not to fail. Cannot some one replace him in the Ministry? From your number will not some young man come forward? A standard bearer has fallen. Who will catch up the banner of the Cross and carry it to new victories? Who will say, "Lord, here am I, send me"?

XI

"ROOMS IN GOD'S PALACE"

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"ROOMS IN GOD'S PALACE"

(Preached in the Cathedral of the Incarnation, September 27th, 1914.)

"That he would grant you according to the riches of his glory that ye may be strengthened with power through his spirit in the inward man: that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith; to the end that ye being rooted and grounded in love, may be strong to apprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye may be filled unto all the fullness of God."—Eph. III:16-19.

The most remarkable feature of this passage is its progressive magnificence. We reach a climax of spiritual truth which affects the mind very much as do certain masterpieces of architecture which lead the eye ever to more and more imposing features.

These successive clauses admit us to that spiritual palace of the universe, the house of our Father, where we pass from room to room beholding greater and greater splendors.

Glance rapidly through the first chambers. "That He would grant you that ye may be strengthened with power through His spirit in the inward man."

This is the portal. The Life in God begins when we put spirit above flesh. Most of us are absorbed with the clothing of the body and its nourishing, the house that shelters it, the athletics that we hope will develop and preserve it. But remember there is a finer constituent, the Soul—essentially manhood is spirit. The outward element, the physical frame, is only the instrument of the spirit, through which it receives impressions by the channel of the senses.

The Christian is at the outset one who follows the spirit, one who lives among spiritual realities. So we are made strong in soul. In the Book of Acts we find that those who were full of the Holy Ghost are said likewise to be full of power. The initial gift is the power of God, because just as an army needs ammunition and weapons and food, so the believer must have the strength to meet temptation, to bear affliction, to battle for the right, to labor for God.

Let us pass on to the next Room. "That Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith." Here we have a logical progression. Where the Spirit bestows power He does it by bringing

Christ into the soul. Jesus Himself said, "The Spirit of truth which proceedeth from the Father, he shall bear witness of me. . . . He shall glorify me: for he shall take of mine, and shall declare it unto you."

See how we have advanced. Having received the sevenfold gifts of the Spirit of strength we have also the indwelling Christ.

You need not wonder how Christ the Son of God will condescend to enter your poor heart and abide there: only welcome God's Holy Spirit, and He will make your heart a temple of the Holy Ghost, enlarging its walls, and beautifying its precincts, and adorning its spaces till it becomes a fit scene for the abiding of your divine Lord. It is cause and effect. It is the sunshine of the spring followed inevitably by the fruitage of summer.

Again the Apostle leads us farther. Obedient to the Spirit and guided by faith in the living Christ we become rooted and grounded in love. Here is the King's banqueting House of Love.

The walls rise higher. The chambers put forth massiveness. The structure moves on toward fixed dignity.

"Rooted and grounded in love." St. Paul appeals to agriculture and architecture to enforce his thought that love is essential to Christian

character. We must be rooted in love; we must be grounded in love. What is the related idea in both these figures? Yonder you have the massive and beautiful spire of this Cathedral church. All around us are trees, planted, some of them, more than forty years ago. In what does that tower resemble the tree? Differing in innumerable details, they are alike in position, in permanence. The tree does not stir from its root nor the spire from its foundation. Every morning you know that looking from your windows you will see a certain maple or oak, or pine where it was yesterday. You know exactly the point in the horizon in which to search for this golden cross lifted above the plain and flashing in the sunrise or the sunset.

St. Paul wants Christian character reliable. We should always know where to find a Christian. And the thought of this passage is that if you want that quality in human nature you must dig down deep into love—understood in its truest, broadest sense as including all the veneration and joy that we should feel toward God, all the devotion, appreciation and self-sacrifice that we should feel toward men.

Love must unite us "with all the saints." We must go out of ourselves and take in all who believe and call themselves Christians. Begin

with those saints that are in the family. We think too much of our own religion; there are others. We must extend to them appreciation, friendship, sympathy, mutual helpfulness, self-sacrifice. We commonly observe only one another's deficiencies: we should acknowledge their virtues, rejoice in their abilities, thank them for their achievements, and forward by all means in our power their proper undertakings.

If you are not moved to this by Paul's reasoning, do it out of self-need. Without the saints you will arrive nowhere in the Christian life. Isolated souls starve and freeze. Growth can only come from a constant assimilation of elements outside of ourselves.

"Pride and vanity are the great obstacles to the free working of the principle. We cannot bear to humble ourselves to the point of acknowledging that there are respects in which others surpass us, points where they have the advantage. We incline to take up with the most unnatural and forced supposition as a means of explaining the fact of our neighbor's superiority rather than the exceedingly simple one that he is superior. And all the while in doing this we rob ourselves; we shut the door against the possibility of improvements; we choose darkness when we might have light."

To be thus rooted and grounded in love reaches this end, that we apprehend the breadth and length, the height and depth of the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.

How much better to yield ourselves to the spirit of kindness.

To have Jesus dwelling in our nature is like having the finest seeds sown in our gardens. Whatever in human conduct is true, staunch, noble, kind, heroic, Christ-like, comes from this implanted goodness. Such a life resembles one of these vast gardens in Holland where a hundred thousand tulips can be seen in bloom: or one of those slopes above the Mediterranean where scores of acres are covered with violet or heliotrope, or these Persian rose gardens whence the waves of perfume are borne afar. Where lives are rooted in love, what wonder if the world sees loveliness like the lily or firmness like the oak. Or with the other figure, here is a solid foundation gradually growing into a massive, useful edifice. He in whom Jesus Christ dwells rests on a substructure of the mightiest love this world has ever seen. When your life is built upon love, its motives abide and gather robustness, even as the palace adds colonnade to colonnade, portal to portal, and dome to dome.

And still onward! In the next chamber,

man is promised the essential royalty of his Lord.

"That He would grant you according to the richness of His glory . . . that ye may be filled unto all the fullness of God."

The Apostle begins to speak to mortals of divinity. The connecting thought is, "God is Love." The moment one loves, he begins to pass out of the condition of men into a higher state.

This is the culmination. From the soul's first hesitating faith in Christ we come to the rapture of the beatific vision. The experience has led us on and on, higher and higher up the mount of God until we find ourselves swept above the earth and standing amid the incredible glory, in the dwelling place of God, the throne room of the King immortal; where souls once stained with the mire of sin have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

"Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight."

In a palace in Dresden, the visitors see what are called the green vaults. You enter chamber

after chamber, each richer than the preceding. In the first room are bronzes: in the second, carved ivory; then enamels and mosaics; then vessels of crystal, silver and gold; then cameos, onyx and lapis-lazuli; then pearls; then the crown jewels of Poland; in the eighth, and last, a profusion of diamonds. So this passage is one of such grandeur that I despair of showing even the tithe of its riches. "These linked and blended clauses like the enwreathed smoke of some sweet-smelling sacrifice, mount and mount upward to the very heaven of heaven. We have a group of sentences of rarest harmony and more than mortal eloquence, where our utmost powers seem too poor and weak to convey the force of expression so august, and of thoughts so profound."

Let me ask each: "Which of these chambers in the King's palace are you in at the present time? At which stage of the Christian life are you? How long ago were you confirmed? When did you last approach the Table of the Lord? How far have you penetrated into the Royal banqueting house?"

Could you not have shown forth in your life more of Jesus, more of His gentleness, humility, self-sacrifice?

If we have Christ, must we not yearn—

"Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven!
Oh for the golden floor!
Oh for the sun of righteousness
That setteth never more!
Oh, for a heart that never sins!
Oh for a soul washed white!
Oh for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night."

Are we reaching out to that climax, or going backward from it? Are we standing still? Yes, here are the things that count. It makes little difference whether the income be hundreds of millions or just nothing at all; whether your house be large or small; whether your name be praised everywhere or known to nobody. How near have you come to Christ? What will be left you when life is all over, what when death is passed and you stand before the throne? Can you say then: "Lord, here am I, awakened in Thy likeness and I am satisfied"?

You shall see all the grandeur of grace and mercy; you shall pierce into the holiest precincts of the universe; you shall behold the land that is very far off and see the King in his beauty if you will only take that first step.

Have "Christ dwelling in your heart through faith." Understand that Christ wishes to enter. "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any

man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him and he with me." You have nothing to do but to welcome Him.

Have you studied this wireless telegraphy? Science has demonstrated that the atmosphere may be full of electrical impulses, that can be understood only where careful preparation has been made. Yonder lofty mast has at its top a cubical box of metal; that is the receiver. At a distant station, the oscillating impulses are given off into the air. Wires, subterranean, submarine, or aërial, are not needed. As these electrical waves traverse space, they can be read wherever the facilities for receiving them have been established.

Is there not a spiritual lesson here? Christ, "being raised from the dead, dieth no more." He is sitting on the throne of creation. Thence he sends forth to the limits of the universe manifold tokens of his grace—awakening for the careless, guidance for the perplexed, wisdom for the ignorant, faith for the weak, strength for the lifeless. These benign impulses are streaming abroad through the world, seeking waiting souls. All that is needed is the prepared heart. Only come near to Christ. Just face Christ. Open your soul to Christ. Be ready to receive whatever He sends. "Draw nigh with faith."

Stand where He can touch you. He will not alone send you the message of His love; He will Himself come unto you."

Behold your King. Standing before the steps of His palace, He urges each to realize the successive victories in the experience of a child of God. If you will, you may enter and prove to the end the faithfulness of Him who says: "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you . . . that where I am, there ye may be also."

The Christian life leads onward from the first hesitating faith in Christ to the rapture of the Beatific Vision. The soul that has Christ must yearn in those words we have just sung:

"Oh for the pearly gates of heaven!
Oh for the golden floor!
Oh for the sun of righteousness
That setteth never more!
Oh for a heart that never sins!
Oh for a soul washed white!
Oh for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night."

Are we reaching out to that culmination, or falling back from it? You shall see all the grandeur of grace and mercy; you shall penetrate into the holiest precincts of the universe; you shall behold the land that is very far off and see

the King in His beauty, if you will only take that first step and follow faithfully on.

What an illustration has this congregation this very day of a soul growing in the sight of God ever to mightier things! We have been permitted to see a personality strong on the practical, commercial, and social sides directing its forces to the Church of Christ in this diocese of Long Island. For years we have had his invaluable activities in charity—in the care of the orphan, the widow, the aged, the wounded, the sick; in Missions throughout one of the most promising regions of Long Island; in vigilant attention to the manifold interests—educational, and administrative—of this Cathedral Foundation. We shall always remember that, last Sunday, as was not his usual practice, he worshipped with us in this Cathedral, kneeling in the Lord's Supper before this Altar.

Then, from the very deliberations of the Chapter, having brought his work to a close, having given to God the last moments of his earthly life, the last grain of his strength, he passed on to those glories of the house of God which are as yet veiled from our eyes.

All Christians are not to be found in exactly the same chamber of perfection. One may be a Christian who is far from the solidity, sincerity,

of the perfect man in Christ Jesus. Some are believers who do not believe everything. You may be a just-beginning follower of Christ. You may be a Christian in the first stage of your formation.

People may still be Christians though they are imperfect, though they have only started on their way, though they break down in many a duty. A sailor is a sailor from the day he embarks. He does not have to voyage in every sea, or to circumnavigate, or to meet half a dozen storms. He may indeed have little marine knowledge, and not enough acquaintance with the ocean to avoid sea sickness; all the same he is a seaman, albeit without experience. What he wants is the practise, the experience, the life. He is a Christian, not of the hall but of the reception room—not of the sanctum but of the porch.

You are a child of God if you are born of His Spirit, whether or not you are an ideal son. Discriminate between faith in the spring and seedtime and faith in the great, rich, abundant autumn.

All Christians are not on the same level. It has been noted that Noah's ark had lower, second, and third stories. The ship of the Church has some souls higher than others. Each is saved in Christ though some have more honor and more happiness than others.

XII

"THE WOMAN OF CANAAN"

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"THE WOMAN OF CANAAN"

(Preached at St. George's, Astoria, during the Mission Week, 1915.)

"Lord, teach us to pray as John also taught his disciples."—St. Luke XI:1.

The time and place where this incident occurred are not known, except we adopt the hypothesis that St. Luke has here purposely introduced a portion from the Sermon on the Mount. The place may very easily have been, from the mention of the home in Bethany, the Mount of Olives or the Garden of Gethsemane. Just what form of prayer John taught his disciples we do not know, but the incident puts sufficiently before us the fact of Our Lord's emphasis on prayer.

Let me tell you how a poor woman prayed and got what she asked.

We must be prepared to see Christ outside the land of Israel, driven by Jewish intolerance not

merely from the temple of Mount Zion, but even from the fishers' cabins on the shores of Galilee, expatriated for speaking the truth, and once more, as when a babe, compelled to find safety among idolaters. Yet from these depths the Christ draws a beauteous pearl. The Church in all ages is directed, for an illustrious example of a sublime grace, not to a rabbi, nor a priest nor an apostle, but to a woman of Canaan.

Among the postulates of the Gospel, we must accept the truth that while a mighty Lord rules the world, He yet is willing to place His infinite resources at the disposal of His creature man. The divine intention we call Providence. Its visible outcome is history. The sphere of its most gracious operation is the Church. The inspired comment on the world's progress is Scripture, and the method whereby the human will appeals to and influences the eternal mind, is Prayer. Prayer, then, is the lever which, planted on the earth and pressed by a mortal, sweeps all orders of being throughout the universe.

Outside Israel Messiah finds the Ideal of Prayer.

What can she, dwelling in ancient heathendom, teach us of the twentieth century, living in the enjoyment of a superb civilization, in all the light

and splendor of accepted Christianity? Her action casts a wondrous radiance on some of the most serious difficulties about prayer. Remote though she seems from our ideas of righteousness, her experience will be found the mirror of our own.

Three terrible discouragements in prayer are thoroughly handled: God's silence; man's conviction that the thing sought is unattainable; and, lastly, pride.

Very hard to bear is God's seeming unconcern. Realize this creature's misery. Her daughter, in language of to-day, was mad. Imagine the wretched mother's anguish in her child's distorted visage, disordered speech, hourly paroxysms, midnight ravings. Her suffering was greater than she could bear, and she brought it to Christ.

"Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a demon."

"But He answered her not a word."

Strangely as the narrative affects us, we have experienced the same. Our earnest petitions for things unmistakably good, at times meet no response.

We beg for more vigorous health, not to waste in dissipation, but to render our work in life more

productive. Or we yearn for the signs in son or daughter of truer earnestness, of deeper love for God. The load is heavy and we have borne it long. Not once but a hundred times we have cried, with all the soul's intensity: "Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou son of David." And no answer comes. All things keep on in the old way. The cough is as bad as ever. The sick man is rushing in the chariot of disease toward the edge of the precipice. The financial entanglement is not relaxed. The careless soul seems utterly untouched. God's truth would appear to have no power. The Canaanite's case is not a whit harder than our own. In all the horrible experience, it is the same, we are tempted to say, as if we had not breathed a single prayer. We feel like one famished and solitary in the heart of a vast desert calling for food; or like one sinking in the middle of the ocean with frantic cries that only the curling, rushing, bursting waves heard. We have even felt as though we had drawn very close to the infinitely pitiful and powerful Son of God, as though He had heard our every syllable of awful entreaty, and as though He who consoled, healed, helped, blessed untold millions of the suffering, would not deign us the slightest token, even of attention. "I called," said the Psalmist, "but thou heardest not."

Were you discouraged then? "Behold a woman of Canaan!" She simply prayed on. Perhaps the Son of Man was treating her more harshly than any other mortal. It made no difference in her; or rather, it prompted her to cry more loudly, more vehemently.

In spite of her entreaties, matters grew worse. Her passionate outcry led the disciples to interpose, more to stop the hubbub, than to further her request: "Send her away," they asked the Master, "for she crieth after us." If this gave her new courage, Christ's response quickly undeceived her.

His silence was hard to bear, but His speech seemed to leave no hope. "I was not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel."

The word seemed final. Most of us would have fallen back into the crowd muttering: "It's impossible, as I feared. There's no chance. He Himself affirms that the cure exceeds His commission."

We have been right there too. For this is exactly where much of our praying ends. We reach a point where we say: "It's no use—God won't grant my request." Sometimes we even presume to think: "God Himself can't give me what I want now."

But this is exactly what the woman would not

do. Suppose He had been sent only to Israel! Could He not save any whom He would? Was He not now outside the land of Jacob? Who were they whom He reckoned sheep of Israel? In what land under heaven might not a lost sheep be found? Her action reflected her creed. Ponder the meaning of one terse line of the history.

"But," implying the unexpected in a soul not crushed by a crushing stroke. "She came" —loving confidence—"and worshipped Him"— living, profound, heaven-scaling faith—"saying, Lord"—utter prostration of self—"help me"; a grim, intense, tremendous expectation of the desired result. God forgive our bitterness and unbelief!

The last obstacle this woman conquered was pride. His silence could not silence her. His seeming affirmation that she was outside the reach of His power, did not dispirit her. As she knelt before Him, lifting clenched hands and streaming eyes, a supreme test of her sincerity was made. The Christ would make it clear whether her ruling impulse were regard for self or for her daughter. Our hearts stand still as this divine healer of souls pressed the probe to the very fountain of life.

"It is not meet to take the children's bread and

cast it to the dogs." Watch her as that enters her spirit. The word that would have whirled most souls into a storm of wrath never stirred a pulsation of anger in her heart.

"Truth, Lord," she cried—not in rage, but in absolute self-surrender, in a kind of holy wit—"yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table." I ask not the loaf. Give your Jews that. All I ask is this little crumb from the bursting stores of your goodness—my poor daughter's health.

Like lightning from the surcharged cloud, came the response. "O, woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee, even as thou wilt."

The elements of Prayer: 1. Faith. "He that cometh to God must believe." Have Gibraltar-like confidence, that He is the mightiest and the kindest one.

Regard Him as the All-Merciful, the All-Gracious, dispensing unspeakable blessings among His creatures, One whom it is blasphemous to charge with stinting or insulting His children.

Men ask: What use is there to pray? I ask in reply: What do you think of God? If you say there is no God, or, that He cares nothing for His children, then I acknowledge prayer is only a psychological problem. Take faith along as you

fall on your knees. If you see God as living, loving, sending His Son to earth for our instruction, consolation, redemption, surveying the whole of mankind with infinite power and unlimited compassion, then you may pray to Him.

Who can say none listens? On our way across the ocean, the Bulletin would say, when no ship was in sight, we were in communication by wireless with a dozen vessels, their names given, some eastward bound, some westward. Had we been sinking or on fire, a dozen ships would have suddenly gathered around us, had we launched on the air a cry for help. So in prayer. We can be heard when we see no Hearer.

Do you say modern science has killed Gospel faith? No! It has strengthened faith. The scholarship that says man has no soul, or that, if he has, it is no more immortal than his body, lags two thousand years behind the times. Once it looked as if the biologist and the geologist would build up for us a world wherein every form was traced to its original germ, and every law to its initial force, and where no room was left for any God in creation or any soul in man. But soon it was declared by the highest scientific authority that whatever our conception of the germinal beginnings of matter, somehow or other we must introduce mind into the universe, and then we

could get the ideas of vitality, of individuality, of Providential Design out of the universe. The concession is all the Christian wants. Above all these processes of nature, above all these orderly successions of cause and effect—enthrone mind. Say that it ordains and controls matter. In that mind there must be wisdom, holiness, pity, love. I will pray to Him. I will follow the advice of that great Apostle who said: "I desire therefore that men pray in every place, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and disputing"

2. No true prayer without Unselfishness. This indeed is a correlative of Faith: the greater we see God, the less we shall appear. This Sidonian came to the throne of the King, with a poor estimate of herself, but with a boundless estimate of what He could do for her daughter.

So we come as near the solution of the vexed question of prayer as our present state allows. Prayer is nothing but a broken heart, and a mighty Lord. Prayer is just the outburst of the heart, the launching forth of the soul to meet God, and lose itself in the ocean of His power and goodness. It is the cry, the groan, the shriek of an intense spirit distrusting earth and reposing on eternity. To be conscious of a want the world cannot satisfy, to turn with all our desires to the

Most High, to feel assured that what exceeds by thousands of millions our ability and our merit, is but the thousand millionth part of His kindness and willingness and omnipotence—that is prayer.

The final mystery of prayer lies between the two points of human nothingness and divine sufficiency. On the one side we have the negative pole of humility; on the other, the positive pole of faith. The all-conquering power lies between flashing forth in a thousand manifestations that awe the soul and bless the Church.

As Bishop Greer says:

"Prayer is that touch of the soul which reaches out, which rises up, and—audacious as the statement seems—touches and uses God Himself. Yes, uses God; for God is in His world, in the spiritual part of it as in the physical part of it, rules and guides and helps it all and gives Himself to all, and in it all we use Him, and prayer is one of the ways in which He lets us use Him."

"Here then are two aspects of the highest form of prayer, our using God and God using us. They are the two aspects of religion in its highest and purest form. They are what religion means; they are what religion is."

What do you want of God? Pardon?

Here is a forlorn creature in the Temple. Why

comes he among the godly and respectable? Listen: "God be merciful to me a sinner." Meekness, yet trust. So the power descended. "This man went down to his house justified." There was prayer.

What do you want? Some great worldly blessing? Here is a noble Roman. Listen: "I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof." There is prostration of self. Here is the positive condition: "Speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed." And here the blessing: "His servant was healed in that hour."

What do you want? Greater efficiency for God? More cheerfulness under life's trials? Look at St. Paul's thorn in the flesh. "I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me." He humbled self. The All-Mighty, All-Loving answered: "My grace is sufficient for thee: for my power is made perfect in weakness."

So the blessing of conscious strength and joy descended on the saint.

"Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my weaknesses, that the strength of Christ may rest upon me. Wherefore I take pleasure in weaknesses, in injuries, in necessities, in perse-

cutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake: for when I am weak, then am I strong."

In St. Luke's account of the giving of the Lord's Prayer, the Master followed it immediately with the parable of the importunate man (Luke XI: 5-13).

We shall never seek God's favor as we should till we realize how careless we have been in our petitions in the past. We should feel ashamed of our neglected hours of prayer; of our dead, mumbled litanies; of days at home without time given to self-examination; of urgent calls to public worship put aside for petty pleasures.

We should feel now the turn that travellers know when a sudden shrieking of whistles and ringing of bells at midnight, with the flash of electric lights make known that they have barely avoided a collision that would have sent them to the bottom. Our souls have been in peril of death before God. Like sinking Peter, submerged almost by the billows of self-trust and forgetting of Christ, we might well cry, "Save, Lord, or we perish!"

Not till we regain the desire for prayer and the practice of prayer shall we be able to recover from our sad languor.

Our religious duties have been performed in our own strength, with little sense of our need of

divine help. So many comings to church, so many minutes given to private reading of the Word, so many communions in a year, and we have turned to more congenial matters—trade, business, amusement. Even our prayers have been indolent, our responses at church after successive collects growing fewer and fainter, as though God's church were a castle of indolence in which guest after guest dropped asleep. Some of us have scattered prayers as thoughtlessly as we make way with a friend's letter after having read it, and tear it into bits and lift them to be blown by the winds. We pray and scarcely believe an answer will come. "It does no good to pray: God never listens."

But why? These hurried words; those mechanical petitions; these sweet but unfelt collects; these drowsy litanies; these supplications with no wings of the heart's yearning to float them, lifted aloft on no breath of faith; as one has called them, "these expressions of devotion, far too wide for their real contents, which rattle in them like a dried kernel in a nut"—are these prayers?

There must be prayer. Let us fall on our knees, and with bitter sorrow and real penitence, and strong persistent faith, importune heaven, as the appalled Moses did.

God can still work miracles. No seas of indifference are so icy that He cannot roll them backward. No mountains of sheer, hard, defiant infidelity are so immovable that He cannot overwhelm them, transport them, pulverize them. Only ask the triumph. Only beg heaven for victory. Remember what the Church has done. And God is unchangeable!

It is a time for the Church to engage in prayers. Nothing can be done in God's kingdom without fervent application to the King himself. Like babes, Christians show they have awakened by their cries. Though many noises come from the street, and a din be in the house, the mother's quick ear catches the infant's wail. So He who comforts His own like a mother, welcomes the shout that announces that a church has aroused to a sense of its responsibilities.

Use prayer with all the other means at your disposal. He who asks God to bestow comfort, and lacks industry, persistence, patience, and tact, may expect nothing.

Is any duty easier than prayer? No particular place, time, preparation is needed. No outlay. I rise in the morning; shall not my heart exclaim: "Vouchsafe to keep us this day without sin?" I lie down at night. Is it hard to cry: "Lighten our darkness, O Lord?" Thrice a day,

near four hundred days in a year, we sit at a well-filled table. Can we not reverently ask: "Give us this day our daily bread?" As we start on the business of the day can we not say: "Let the words of my mouth?" "Establish thou the works of our hands upon us, yea the work of our hands establish thou it."

Let us learn to love more ardently and to utter more frequently and fervently, the majestic petitions of our own Book of Common Prayer.

Above all, let us not grow weary in prayer. What if the expected answer does not come? Be like this woman. Call on; call louder. Be patient. The prayer may not seem to rise above our heads. God may yet rend the heavens with a response.

You cannot miss the importance of prayer in the Gospels. Our Lord undertook no great work without prayer for the divine guidance. Nor was it only when our Lord had some difficult achievement to bring about, like the choice of disciples, that he went to the foot of God's throne in supplication. Prayer, with Christ, was infinitely more than asking for something. It was a worship of his Heavenly Father; it was accord of spirits and concord of desires, and sympathy and oneness in communion and fellowship.

What incredible audacity for a Christian, for a

Church, not to pray! If Christ Himself, the very Son of God, prayed, must not we?

Even Jesus who had never a sin to be pardoned, whose mind was never swerved from holiness by the world, who was ever intent on his great mission of saving men, whose spirit was divine, whose life blameless, even this Jesus prayed. Think of the times when the purest soul of all the ages deemed supplication needful. When His public ministry was to begin, when His first day of preaching and healing was ended, He left the people and sought the solitude of a desert to talk with God. When He would choose the men who were to be first disciples, and then apostles, and then founders of His Church, He spent the whole night beseeching heaven. When the crowd wanted to make him a king, instead of getting ready for coronation, He fled to solitude and outpouring of soul. When his earliest corps of helpers—the seventy—returned with encouraging reports, He taught the Church to guard against elation at success, and to believe it were better to have our names written in heaven. When He would summon Lazarus from the tomb, He besought God first. When He came to the final meeting with the eleven after all the teaching of three years He offered most solemn intercession for Himself,

and for them and for all who should believe on Him. When He was lifted on the cross and horrible darkness veiled the land, words of supplication were heard by the spectators, and by angels. When His life's last breath was drawn, the closing cry was commending his spirit to the Father.

Did my Lord and Redeemer lay down the very form of words in which He would teach us to pray? And did He, in every hour of His life, set us the example of His own reverence? And shall we disdain what He honored, what He used, what He ordained?!

Always in prayer maintain the distinction between temporal blessings—such as health and wealth—and spiritual ones, such as pardon and holiness. God may or may not give the former: He has bound himself to give the latter.

Those who have been trained in the use of those marvellous Collects in the Prayer Book know how perfectly this distinction is maintained and how there is a continual rising, even rejection of worldly petitions, to rest all on the blessings of the Spirit. Take the Collect for the 20th Sunday after Trinity: "O Almighty and most merciful God"—there is adoration; "of Thy bountiful goodness"—delight in the divine pity; "Keep us from all things that may hurt us"—a reference to

worldly trouble but as clearly to temptations and sins; "that we being ready both in body and soul"—there is the consecrated purpose; "may cheerfully accomplish those things which Thou commandest." The end of the prayer is the conformity of the human to the divine, the doing of God's will on earth as it is in heaven. Of the purest incense it is said that it is consumed entirely in the altar's flame leaving not a trace of ash or even a stain. So these prayers and all truest petitions purge themselves of all that is finite, sensuous, evanescent, to clothe themselves in celestial purity and enduring goodness.

This belief in prayer's futility exists with many. It even seeks a theological basis. Is not God declared to be immutable? And if so, must not His plans, embracing all things in the universe, be changeless? Let it be claimed, for example, that, in this Syrophenician's case, the will of heaven had already settled that her daughter was to die, and consequently that Jesus could do nothing to change that event.

But remember, that revelation which assures us that God controls all things declares also that He enjoins on us the duty of constant prayer; this woman, never perhaps having heard, conformed to such utterances as "Pray without ceasing"; "The prayer of faith shall save the

sick"; "Whatsoever ye shall ask, believing, ye shall receive."

We conclude that prayers of faith should include many causes which God forsees as conducing to the events He has appointed. Just as He forsees that the battle shall terminate in the victory of the army where the strategy of the general, humanly speaking, is the cause, thus He forsees that a life shall be prolonged as the result of the prayer of some person or of the Church.

Beware of pride. Whenever we pray, it becomes us to assume a humble attitude. Our Lord might have refused to grant this prayer. He may keep away what you ask. We are to ask in a proper way, expecting to use all for God's glory and willing to go without what we ask if heaven deems best. Asking, even so submissively, for worldly things, the Almighty may refuse. The holiest of men may make mistakes. Of all that touches this poor fleeting earth—health and repose, honor and riches—we need to say: "Father, give if Thou wilt. Nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done."

Put God first. Let God have His way with you. Be careful, or pride will come like an angel of darkness clouding the soul's rapture in supplication. There are prayers that are mournfully deficient because there is a secret reserve

and wilfulness. We ask for success, for health, but with the hope of using them as we wish. We want certain things, not because we would honor God, but because we would please self. The sailor begs for life in shipwreck not that he may consecrate his days to Him who spares him, but to spend them in the same old sins. The spirit of the prayer of the proud man is: "O Lord, lead me unto ease and happiness and prosperity: when I am once there I can take care of myself." As well look for wheat harvests from the sea, or red roses in a coal mine, or Easter lilies from weeds, or gracious zephyrs in a blizzard, as expect the requests of a proud, self-satisfied heart to draw down the consent of Heaven. Let the best bow low in the dust at thought of his own sins and the holiness of God. We can never be anything in God's sight until we are nothing in our own.

Let me conclude with some practical questions. Are we neglecting prayer? Multitudes are. Hosts of Christians, shame to say it, supplicate God only in the briefest and most formal way. They say they do their praying in church and they only go there once a month, or when the humor takes them. At home they have no closet petitions—no cry to Heaven from the bedside at morn and even—no family altar—no Collects taught the children. God sends them some

great honor or joy—the father wins the high office—the eldest son returns unscathed from battle—the daughter is affianced to as noble a man as breathes—and yet wife and children are not gathered as one voices the heart's gratitude to Him in whose hands are all the fountains of good. Or some sorrow comes—domestic bereavement, business failure, treacherous friend—yet they never gather—husband, wife, and little ones—before the hearthstone to confess their sins, express their submission, and beg for mercy.

XIII

"POWER AND BEAUTY"

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"POWER AND BEAUTY"

(Preached at St. Peter's Church, New York, February 20th, 1916.)

"Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary."—Psalm XCVI: 6.

By strength is meant power with especial reference to its application. It is force, not inert, but manifested. It is that quality which tends to produce results.

By beauty we mean such an assemblage of properties as rouses the emotion of pleasure. It must be evident that such ideas applied in David's day to the sanctuary of Jehovah are to be taken in a spiritual and not a literal sense. For the Ark of the Covenant was not as yet invested with outward dignity. After generations of wandering it still rested in a tent. Though David had succeeded in bringing it from the house of Obed Edom to the hill of Zion, its majesty was apparent only to him who regarded

it as the symbol of God's abode among men, and as the token of infinite honors and blessings yet to be conferred on our race. David himself confessed the unsuitableness of its surroundings when he resolved to erect a durable and costly shrine. The nobility of his soul appeared in his submission to the divine will which reserved the building of the Temple till the soldier-king and saint slept with his fathers and till Solomon his son reigned in his stead.

The strength and beauty were not outwardly visible but resulted from the vision of faith. What the Ark only suggested, the Gospel enshrines. If the heartlonging for righteousness kindled at sight of that ancient tabernacle which was merely a chest containing the copy of the Law a pot of the manna, and Aaron's staff, what soaring aspirations should the Church of Christ suggest?

The same qualities appear in Christian worship. But few of us realize the mighty hold which the principle of adoration has on the human soul. A babbling infidelity chatters of a time coming when prayers and sacraments shall be outgrown. Man has always had a religion, always will have one. No better definition can be given than that man is an animal who reveres a God. And the reason for his worship lies in the

fact that he is not a brute but a man. It is not till humanity has become fouled and degraded in savagery, or brutalized by sin that you find beings who pray not. And it may well be doubted whether earth has one mind which abhors immorality, and does not at the same time acknowledge a power that makes for righteousness—does not, like that brilliant, intellectual race long ago, preserve somewhere in the inner chambers of consciousness an altar consecrated to the unknown God.

The hold of religion on humanity is vindicated by its antiquity (men worshipped before they tilled the ground, or built houses); is vindicated by its depth and mystery—though each is irresistibly drawn to acts of adoration none can fathom their meaning: is vindicated by its majesty which attracts the most exalted intelligences that stand before the throne of God, and the purest and best natures of earth. No act of which man is capable can compare with this in splendor. We do not come to church simply to hear a sermon or an exquisitely rendered Te Deum, nor to conform to a respectable usage, nor to break the monotony of week-day existence with a graceful and sentimental exercise. Look higher than this.

A Christian congregation is the sublimest of

assemblies. Both sexes, every period of life, every class in society, every temperament, all are here—the young, the old; the grave, the gay; the rich, the poor—each wrapped in his own experience, each full of his own motives, hopes, fears. This one carrying his own sorrow; that one strong in his own joy; all blending within the same walls, before the same altar, in one united and harmonious act of faith and homage and praise, like yonder organ—the noblest symbol of a Christian assemblage—its multitudes of pipes and stops responding to one mighty inbreathing, uplifting, one melodious outburst, causing the very air to pulsate with praise to the one Father of all.

'Twas this strength and beauty of religion that St. Augustine felt when he wrote, "The masses flock to the churches for their chaste acts of worship. Here they learn how they may so spend their life as to merit eternity. Here Holy Scripture and instruction in righteousness are proclaimed from a raised platform in presence of all, that both they who do the word may hear to their salvation, and they who do it not may hear to judgment. And though some enter who scoff at such precepts, all their petulance is either quenched by a sudden change or is restrained through fear or shame. For no filthy and wicked

action is there set forth to be gazed at or imitated; but either the precepts of the true God are recommended, his miracles narrated, his gifts praised or his benefits implored."

As a Bishop of our own, now no more, said in commenting on this passage:

"The strength of the Church is the power of the Holy Ghost, and does not at all consist in rich adornment, in creed, liturgy, wealth or name. Holiness is God's beauty. There is strength in strong doctrine, beauty in worship; strength in the Bible, God's voice; beauty in the Prayer Book and ritual; strength in the Creeds—these Apostolic and Nicene anchors; beauty in the Psalms; strength in Baptism; beauty in Confirmation, when the Baptismal vows are ratified; strength in the Holy Communion; beauty in the lives of the communicants; strength in the ministry; and beauty in the glorious results of the ministry, and the graces of character found in the lives of Christians."

The text also suggests the two sides of character. Communion with God in the Church of Christ should impart to us all strength and benignity. The great need of each is Christ.

Worship must issue in character. The power of the Most High must enter the soul, bringing that resolution, that devotion to duty, that fear-

lessness of opposition, that rugged independence, that splendid manliness, that holy nerve, which can never come from merely human strength. There have been men, and women too—dauntless, Christ-like souls—in whose adamantine courage the world has acknowledged a force altogether superhuman—a grandeur, a fearlessness, an immovable something mightier than the ocean, deeper rooted than the mountains, more deathless than the stars in their courses. So, too, there is need of that softer, and more pleasing element of character. The world has scarcely a greater want than that of the souls that diffuse contentment. The darker the forest, the sweeter the voice of the nightingale. To cheer the way of the toiling, to let a sunbeam into the home of the desolate, to draw a smile to the lips that seem made for sighing, are not these blessed? There are choice spirits in human breasts that possess this magic power to banish vexation, and to bring serenity; to relax the hard lines that care traces in almost every face; to dart golden light, and make flowers bloom, along some of the weariest paths of life. There are people whose highest value is not in the property they gather for themselves but in the happiness they give out to others.

We have largely lost the New Testament idea

of the beauty of religion. The Greek word for beauty is often used where we lost the real meaning in some such translation as "good." What the real meaning is would appear in rendering: "A beautiful tree bringeth forth beautiful fruit." "I am the beautiful shepherd; the beautiful shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." "Fight the beautiful fight of faith; lay hold on eternal life." "Charge, O Timothy, them that are rich in this world that they may be rich in beautiful works." "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your beautiful works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

Who cannot catch the meaning? Life is earnest; yes, but life is beautiful. It is a fight; yes, but a beautiful not a brutal one—the banner of Christ's love is flung to the breeze. It is a life of work, but not of worry; a life true to the Truth, but fair with the splendors of God.

In Christian character, men are divisible into three classes. While striving to attain the perfect temper of the Gospel, one may feel that he is strong rather than winning. We address such a one. "You are indeed fearless of many temptations that slay others. No one accuses you of weakness or inconsistency. You are self-reliant, resolute, poised, precise. Others lean on your spiritual vigor, and often seek you for

advice. Yet you are aware of a deficiency in your character. You have missed an element which others possess. You cannot bear to be criticized. When you attempt to correct others, instead of producing the desired effect, you rouse an irritable mind to anger, or you crush the tender heart into melancholy."

You must add grace to your force. You want not only zeal and boldness, but these finer and more attractive virtues, meekness, forbearance, patience, pity, love. You need to discover and to exhibit that which Jesus showed, when He addressed the penitent, or when He was dumb before His mockers. In a word, you want the beauty of the Lord upon you and then, and never till then, will the work of your strong hands be established.

Or the deficiency may be in force. There are Christians whose chief trait is timidity. Their meekness becomes inertia. They will not assert themselves. They quickly grow discouraged in misfortunes. They shrink from anything like prominence.

This defect was admirably, if unconsciously, expressed in a letter lately received from an old friend: "I never looked for honors. . . . I always let the other fellow shine, for whenever I was on the point of expressing myself on an im-

portant matter, my little demon would say, 'Sit down or you surely will make a fool of yourself'; and so I took his advice and let others shine who were born to and wanted to, and I lived in the shade."

And there my friend touched the secret of his life's failure. I am speaking of those who, in the best enterprises, will never lead the way. In frivolous or wicked society they dare not give expression to a friendly protest, or to a righteous indignation. To such we say: Add courage to amiability. It is well that you are discreet, compassionate, trustful, but put on also independence, determination, persistence—if need be, heroism. Beware lest your modesty become cowardice. Your impulses are good, act them out. Your belief is just, declare it. Your heart is right, give the world the benefit.

We all need to labor for the symmetry of Christian character. It is remarkable that the finest statue of Hercules, the old god of strength, is the one that most perfectly expresses the idea of ease with power; while the noblest statue of Venus is the one that embodies the ideal of physical and intellectual force with beauty. There is no perfection of the one-sided.

Even so the true Christian is he who manifests at once the strength and beauty of his divine

exemplar; the man who can be patient yet enthusiastic, cautious, yet zealous, tender yet resolute, humble yet heroic, urbane yet indomitable—who combines the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove, the pity that spares the worm with the boldness that defies kings, the sympathy that wipes away the tear and the faith that calmly awaits death. As Longfellow sang of Sir Philip Sidney:

> "O enviable fate! to be
> Strong, beautiful, and armed like thee
> With lyre and sword, with song and steel.
> A hand to smite, a heart to feel."

Is not the secret of Abraham Lincoln's ever-increasing fame to be found in the fully rounded soul which held, not alone his goodness of heart, his unbounded charity, his spontaneous humor, but along with such traits included a remarkable assemblage of the strongest qualitites—profound knowledge of human nature, a comprehensive grasp of all the elements and details of a problem, sweeping powers of logic, a sublime confidence in the triumph of the right and a strong faith in overruling justice and love.

We need to-day the Christian who possesses this twofold attractiveness—spiritual strength and moral beauty; the mind that is up to the level

of the best things and that can condescend to the humblest, that "can walk with kings nor lose the common touch."

In the completed Temple, the twofold idea that we suppose King David to have possessed in the days when the golden chest rested in the tent, was fully expressed in the pillars of Hiram. These were of massive brass and stood at the entrance and were called by the significant names, Jachin ("he will establish"), and Boaz ("in him is strength"). But the other thought was as prominent, for these pillars were surmounted with ornamental capitals shaped like the full-blown lily-cup with fine, checkered work thrown over the whole, and having delicate chains hanging in festoons, the pillars themselves being decorated with circling rows of pomegranates. These two conceptions then appeared in the early and the later history of the Temple and we cannot doubt have immortal significance in the Church of Christ. We behold a striking type of the mind of Christ, "the chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely, to whom all power in heaven and earth is now given." After Him, every one of us is bound to pattern, walking in His footsteps and having within us that same mind which was also in Christ Jesus.

How beautifully is this twofold aspect of the

Divine Being brought out in the service for the day. In the noble 68th Psalm, we have the mighty God arising in wrath before His enemies, and also the King of Mercy who is wonderful in His holy places, even the God of Israel who giveth strength and power unto His people. On the one hand He is worshipped in the midst of the minstrels, and of the damsels playing with the timbrels; on the other hand, He scatters the people that delight in war.

In the lesson from Isaiah, He is revealed in abhorrence of them that forsake the Lord, that forget His holy mountain, that prepare the table for the pagan god, Fortune, and that fill up mingled wine unto the false god, Destiny. On the other hand He says to His chosen: "Sharon shall be a fold of flocks and the valley of Achor a place for herds to lie down in. . . . For behold I create new heavens and a new earth and the former things shall not be remembered nor come into mind. I create Jerusalem a rejoicing and her people a joy. And the voice of weeping shall no more be heard in her nor the voice of crying."

In the Lamb of God, Jehovah evinces an infinite affection for the sinner at the same time that he inflicts an infinite punishment on his sin. How shall man be just with God, was a question

without answer till the coming of One in whom the most contradictory qualities are met; who is at once Son of Mary and Son of God, who has a twofold nature in a single person; who is the poorest and the richest of beings, and the greatest and the humblest; who, with one hand laying hold of the sceptre of God, with the other raises from the abyss the worst of transgressors; who, in the same moment, bears the vengeance for sin, and exhausts its curse; who, being in one sense dust and in another sense divinity, has a nature to suffer and a nature to ransom.

The Gospel enshrines the supreme illustration of harmony. Above the cross, mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace kiss each other. In Jesus, Jehovah is seen in the lustre of untarnished holiness and in the majesty of a vindicated law, as just and yet as the justifier of the ungodly. The vision of the Psalmist saw the hill of Zion crowned with splendor. But the gaze of the Christian regards another height. For us the separate rays of the divine glory, His justice and pity, His holiness and His love are blended above Calvary into one world-encircling burst of celestial light. As never from Zion, our God hath shone from Calvary, and made it henceforth the joy of the whole earth and the perfection of beauty.

For the achievement of redemption the Godhead visibly put forth power in an astounding series of works. An irresistible force broke in controlling the apparently unchangeable laws of nature. A divine personage walks this lower earth, and talks with men. Celestial beings delight to bear to men the directions, the comforts, the warnings of heaven. Angels wrestle with mortals, speak from a burning bush, call fire from the skies to consume the offerings, mount into the air above a smoking altar, and soar to heaven. Ten times in old Egypt the phenomena of nature are marvellously intensified. An unseen hand rolls back the Red Sea, and opens up a highway for the tribes. Thunders and lightnings are poured around the crags of Sinai. The arrowy, impetuous tide of Jordan is swept backward. The walls of Jericho fall flat.

A God of might evidently strengthens the cause of His chosen people. The fates of empires are seen to be in His hands. Now the kingdoms are marshalled to fall beneath the heel of Israel; now to humble one or other of the tribes; and now to waste their own strength in mutual destruction, for the greater security of Judah.

In the fullness of time comes a Man before whom the powers of the universe are stayed.

Hosts of seraphim fill the sky above Bethlehem at His birth. At His command the blind see, the dumb speak, the tempest dismisses its rage, and the dead forsake the tomb. Interred in death Himself, the rocky cover of His grave removes and, bursting the bands of dissolution, He reappears in the haunts of men. Rising through the air, He vanishes in the clouds and returns to heaven, having prepared His friends for yet grander exhibitions of redeeming might by the declaration that all power in heaven and earth is now given unto him. In the salvation of man, God is manifested in the absolute plentitude of His omnipotence.

And we discover symmetry and glory. There are degrees of beauty. There is an agreeableness of feature, a nobility in what we call "the human face divine" which no painter, no sculptor, ever expressed. So again, there is something in character which far exceeds the tints of complexion, the finish of the statue, or the sublimity of the mountain. If this be so, moral splendor must culminate in the attributes of perfect being, or in what are called the perfections of God. And God Himself must appear divinest whenever His attributes are disclosed in the most harmonious operation. As God reconciling was in His Son, we behold this absolute loveliness incar-

nate in Him, who according to St. John bodied forth the glory of the Father, full of grace and truth.

The thought must be applied to the divine mind, to the act of worship, to the character of man. Strength and beauty are in the sanctuary as a revelation of the being of God. On the one side He is the Almighty; on the other side He is in goodness and grace and attractiveness. We shall make this plainer by referring to redemption.

The creative energy of Jehovah culminated in that being who, made in the image of God, was gifted with lordship over the lower world. A power emerged in the uprising of the first man from the earth, before which the force that shaped suns and gave them their mighty impulse through space is utterly dwarfed.

Pascal's thought is that the soul may say to the sun in the heavens: "I am greater than you, for though you might shrivel me like a dried leaf with your torrid beams, I should be conscious of my defeat, while you would be unconscious of your victory."

But the race quickly demanded a yet loftier exercise of the power of God. In proportion to the delicacy, worth, magnificence of any object, is the difficulty of its perfect restoration, when once

impaired. Ordinary pictures can be retouched by common hands. When the landscapes of Claude or the faces and costumes of Titian fade and crack and peel, where is the brush that can restore? Strike one little blow at that exquisitely modelled flask and you may wait for Cellini to come again. Fracture the diamond, and you may expect to find another long ere you can perfectly join the parts. Such ruin was wrought by sin. By so much as the forming of man exceeded the kindling of suns and stars, by so much the reformation of man surpassed the original bringing forth of his nature.

Distinguish between thankfulness and ascription. Mere gratitude is not adoration. It is well to utter the confession that life and health, that the roof over our heads and the food on our table, that the peace of the home and the prosperity of the state have all come from the overflowing kindness of Jehovah. But our faith and love should soar beyond this. Can we not worship? Can we not render glory to God without regard to ourselves, but purely for the sake of His own majesty and power!

Think of some distant personage beyond the seas who has devoted the noblest talents, during a long life, to the attainment of what he believes the truest well-being of millions of our race. To

admire such a man for what he is, though he has done nothing for me personally and knows nothing of my existence is at once truly honoring him, truly ennobling to myself. The raising of our admiration for goodness to infinity, is worship. We are to lift up raptured hearts to One who is strength, and wisdom, and holiness, and mercy and love. We want the joy of the Psalmist who cried; "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice: let the multitude of the isles be glad thereof." We want the awe and self-oblivion of the Revelator as he saw the elders casting down their crowns before the throne, saying "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power; for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created."

Thanksgiving casts its light on earth as well as heaven. Worship looks straight and alone to God. Its mirror is not held up to nature but to divinity, to catch one ray of divine perfection, one gleam of divine light, one spark of celestial purity and to fling that beam of heavenly inspiration over all the lower life.

XIV

"SOME CLASSIC ENGLISH PREACHERS"

I

"SOME CLASSIC ENGLISH PREACHERS"

(An essay delivered at the Brooklyn Clerical Club, February 28th, 1916.)

A few weeks ago, while studying the shelves of a library in a New York Hotel, I came on a small volume of E. W. Gosse's, published in the twentieth century, and presenting singularly interesting matter on the biography and the literary character of Jeremy Taylor. Noting that this was the only divine included in that small, immortal company of English Men of Letters—in which Shakespeare and Milton belong, and of Americans only our Whittier—I wondered why I, as a clergyman, should know so little of a name that all the world was interested in. These pages are a result of my inquiries which I venture to bring before the Brooklyn Clerical Club, remembering that a later age must always be profited by consideration of the great men of a former generation; and also that to the end of time, the records and methods of certain

of our English churchmen have valuable suggestions for all who labor in the ministry.

It is my purpose to present some of the men of Taylor's period as classic preachers of the English Church. I use the term classic in its full meaning as indicating a first-class rank in literature, as making the man an authority, as constituting him a standard, as putting him with those men who appear at long intervals in history and are justly looked up to by succeeding generations. Ruskin well allows this word to be applied to such men in its legitimate sense of senatorial and authoritative preachers.

As types of classic English preachers I name Joseph Hall, Jeremy Taylor and Isaac Barrow. Hall was born in 1574 and died in 1656; Taylor was born in 1613 and died in 1667; Barrow was born in 1630 and died in 1677. The three men were therefore cotemporaneous, all three deaths occurring within twenty years, and their activity being all within the first three-quarters of the seventeenth century. It is possible that at the time when these men flourished in England the land had less than one-half the present population of the State of New York.

Remembering that James I reigned from 1603 to 1625, and Charles I from 1625 to 1649; that Parliament was dissolved in 1629, not assembling

again till eleven years afterward, in 1640; that in 1645 Archbishop Laud died and in 1649 Charles I was beheaded, and that the Restoration came in 1660, Charles II living till 1685, we shall have the historical background.

Joseph Hall (1574-1656) was Bishop of Norwich, satirist, controversialist, preacher, and author of devotional works which have lived to our own day. At the Jesuit College at Brussels he disputed on modern miracles. As his argumentative energy, quick retort, and spirited —even offensive—word-play were likely to bring about trouble, his patron, Sir Edward Bacon, requested him to abstain from further discussions. Through his devotional works he obtained the friendship of Henry, Prince of Wales, who made him one of his chaplains in 1608. Sent to France to congratulate Louis XIII on his marriage, in his absence he was made Dean of Worcester, 1617.

King James's passion for theological discussion and his fondness for Calvinism are responsible for Hall's being sent as a deputy to the Synod of Dort, 1618, he being at this time Dean of Worcester. He preached the sermon at the opening of the assembly and was presented with a gold medal as a token of the Synod's appreciation of his spirit and counsel. He

accompanied King James to Scotland, where he defended the five points of ceremonial which the king desired to impose on the Scots. In 1624 he refused the See of Gloucester; in 1627 he became Bishop of Exeter. Here he endeavored to compromise the differences of the Arminians and Calvinists in his "Via Media." "In spite of his Calvinistic opinions, he maintained that to acknowledge the errors which had arisen in the Catholic Church did not necessarily imply disbelief in her Catholicity; and that the Church of England having repudiated these errors should not deny the claims of the Roman Catholic Church on that account." (Cyc. Brit.) He wrote in defense of Episcopacy, Milton being among his opponents.

In 1641 he became Bishop of Norwich. Those were indeed sorrowful times. The bishops became the objects of a persistent enmity. When thirteen bishops were arraigned as guilty of high treason—an absurd accusation—all, with the exception of Hall of Norwich and Norton of Durham, were sent to the Tower, these two being consigned to the custody of Black Rod. The eleven bishops were confined from New Year's Day 1642 to Whit Sunday, when they were released under heavy bail. Hall proceeded to his new diocese of Norwich, but soon his revenues

were cut off, he was ejected from the palace, and the cathedral was dismantled. In spite of his recent popularity with the Puritans, all his goods were seized, his enemies not leaving—in his own words—"so much as a dozen of trenchers or my children's pictures." Not only were his goods sold but he was held responsible and compelled to make restitution for the arrears of rent which he had before forgiven to such tenants of his as had represented themselves unable to pay. He retired to a small village in the neighborhood, where he preached and wrote "till he was first forbidden by man and at last disabled by God." He bore his many troubles in a sweet Christian spirit, dying in 1656.

Hall was a good man. Of the exile and poverty of his latter life almost within sight of the spire of the Cathedral of Norwich, he said: "May we have the grace to follow the truth in God: we shall in these several tracks overtake her happily in the end and find her embracing peace and crowning us with blessedness."

Thomas Fuller says of him: "Not unhappy at controversy, more happy at comments, very good in his characters, better in his sermon; best of all in his meditations."

He had wit, word power, skill in casuistry; and his sentences—especially in the "Characters of

Meditations"—sparkle with wisdom and terseness. In his sermons he never gets far away from the cross of Christ. He would appear to have inspired Bunyan with the thought that was expanded into Vanity Fair in the passage:

"There are two shops that get away all the custom from the truth: the shop of Vanity; the shop of Error: the one sells knacks and gewgaws, the other false wares and adulterates. Both of their commodities are so gilded and gaudy and glittering that all fools throng thither and complain to want elbow room, and strive who shall be first served"—an undoubted anticipation of our own department-store bargain counters.

To obtain something like an idea of the way in which the devotional spirit in Hall dominates all his thought, take his meditation on the calling of Peter:

"As the sun in his first rising draws all eyes to it, so did this Son of Righteousness when He first shone forth into the world. His miraculous cures drew patients; his divine doctrine drew auditors; both together drew the admiring multitudes by troupes after him. And why do we not still follow thee, oh Saviour, through deserts and mountains, over lands and seas, that we may be both healed and taught? It was thy Word that when thou wert lifted up thou wouldst draw all

men unto thee. Behold thou art lifted up long since, both to the tree of shame and to the throne of heavenly glory; draw us and we shall run after thee. Thy word is still the same though proclaimed by men; thy virtue is still the same though exercised upon the spirits of men. Oh give us to hunger after both that by both our souls may be satisfied." (II:319.)

Contrasted with Hall was Jeremy Taylor (1613-1667). We are prepared for a remarkable character in a seventeenth century divine whose biography was originally written by Rust, his friend and successor, who preached a funeral (memorial) sermon in 1668 which remains a valuable document; again by Wheelden, 1793; by Romney, 1815; by Hughes, 1831; by Willmott, 1847; by George L. Duyckinck, New York, 1860. The chief authority is Eden's revision of Bishop Heber's memorial with its interesting correspondence. The latest to add to the Taylor biographical literature is E. W. Gosse, 1904, in the "English Men of Letters" series.

At the age of twenty he had a chance to fill in the term of a friend who was preaching at St. Paul's Cathedral, London. The boy astonished all who heard his lectures with his learning, his eloquence, and his personal loveliness. Archbishop Laud learned of his brilliant performances

and had him preach at Lambeth. For three years Taylor appears to have spent much of the time in London, yet holding his Fellowship at Cambridge, Laud's desire no doubt ordering such an arrangement "that his mighty parts should be afforded better opportunity of study and improvement than a course of constant preaching would allow of." Laud endeavored to transfer him to Oxford, nominating him for a fellowship at All Souls College. The fact, however, had small influence on Taylor's thought, and, so far as we can make out, on his personal presence. He became Chaplain to his patron the Archbishop, and Chaplain in Ordinary to Charles I.

Taylor was poor, even, it would appear, through his episcopate. His unhappy home conditions appear in such stray sentences as "Sickness doth so often embitter the content of a family." He was imprisoned, perhaps in the Tower, about 1654; and again, Mr. Gosse says, probably for debt, in Chepstow Castle.

"Neither his bishopric—which in respect of temporalities was a miserable post—nor his second marriage, that to Joanna Brydges—who was said, on quite doubtful authority, to have been a natural daughter of Charles I, and who was believed to have brought him a rich estate—helped him in money matters."

As in the case of Hall, Taylor's fame to-day rests on his sermons and devotional writings rather than on his achievements as a controversial theologian, or as a statesmanlike ecclesiastic. His bent was not speculation but the devotional, consolatory and practical aspects of religion. Above all he was not a critic. He entered most sympathetically into questions that turned on casuistry and that appeared to him of immediate importance to the faithful soul. We have an interesting catena of opinions showing the dignity that Taylor accorded to the individual opinions of Christians. "Theology is rather a divine life than a divine knowledge." "It is impossible all should be of one mind." "Heresy is not an error of the understanding but an error of the will." "Peace"—what we are calling unity to-day—Taylor thought might be attained "if men would not call opinions by the name of religion, and superstructures by the name of fundamental articles."

He maintained, in the "Liberty of Prophecy," "that the fundamental truths of Christianity are comprised in narrow compass not beyond the Apostle's Creed in its literal meaning; that all the rest is matter of disputation and too uncertain, for the most part, to warrant our condemning those who differ from us as though their error

must be criminal." (Henry Hallam, quoted by Moulton, 204 B.)

Taylor has not a speculative mind and does not engage in the pursuit of ideal truth; nor is he a logician carrying out his conceptions to their extreme form. He bent language rather to carry the truth to the emotions of the simple believer. It is in the splendor of his illustrations and in the embroidered gorgeousness of his style that he surpasses. It will not do to say that his language is overlaid with ornament, for the pages over which dripped most generously the flowers of words have lived to our own time. Like Phillips Brooks in result, but very unlike him in method, Taylor reaches down and finds man buried in sin, entangled amid life's difficulties, and lifts him till the strife of earth is heard but dimly and the music of heaven entrances the soul.

On such subjects he spoke with the highest skill and with an endless and diversified richness of illustration. He was of the poetic temperament, strong in feeling, extraordinarily rich in fancy, a deep admirer of nature and expressing the truths that he believed were essential to salvation in a style of bold, natural, splendid beauty. In Jeremy Taylor the language is diversified by a wealth of ornament and illustration drawn from a wide field and used with a boldness that is re-

moved from pedantry by the sincerity of the man. His style is dignified as Milton's but freighted with gorgeous illustration and imagery which a critical authority might call pedantic but which delighted the people of his own age.

We learn his scholarship from the vastness of his erudition, from his knowledge of authors of his own day, but especially of the classical writers of Greece and Rome. Over this entire extent he holds facile command. He drew abundantly on his observation, on the contrasted states of his career, and especially on his unlimited reading. These sources together furnished him with a wealth of allusion and imagery that his retentive memory kept always at his service. We to-day may find this decorated style cumbrous, but it is certain that it found eminent favor in Taylor's day and that it has floated his fame down to our own time as one of the great masters of English prose.

Who has drawn out with more beauty the familiar comparison of life to a sun rising than has Taylor in a passage which throbs and pulsates with the beams of coming day:

"Neither must we think that the life of a man begins when he can feed himself, or walk alone, when he can fight or beget his like; for so he is contemporary with a camel or a cow; but he is

first a man when he comes to a certain steady use of reason according to his proportion: and when that is, all the world of men cannot tell precisely. Some are called at the age fourteen; some at one and twenty; some, never; but all men, late enough; for the life of a man comes upon him slowly and insensibly. But as when the sun approaches towards the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins, and by and by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusts up his golden horns, like those that decked the brows of Moses when he was forced to wear a veil because himself had seen the face of God; and still while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher, till he shows a fair face and a full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly: so is a man's reason and his life."

What can surpass the pathos and splendor of the lines in the "Holy Dying," on the tombs of the kings in Westminster Abbey?

"Where our kings have been crowned, their ancestors lie interred, and they must walk over their grandsire's head to take his crown. There is an acre sown with royal seed, the copy of the

greatest change, from rich to naked, from ceiled roofs to arched coffins, from living like gods to dying like men. There is enough to cool the flames of lust, to abate the heights of pride, to appease the itch of covetous desires, to sully and dash out the dissembling colors of an artificial and imaginary beauty. There the war-like and the peaceful, the fortunate and the miserable, the beloved and the despised princes mingle their dust and pay down their symbol of mortality and tell all the world, that when we die our ashes shall be equal to kings' and our accounts easier, and our pains or our crowns shall be less." (Works, Vol. III: 272.)

"Holy Dying" is much superior to the "Holy Living." "The genius which is only fully and fitfully apparent in the Living, illuminates the Dying in a limpid and continuous glory." (Gosse, page 88.)

Nothing militates with the statement that "Holy Dying" is one of the most beautiful prose compositions of the seventeenth century, a threnody, palpitating with enthusiasm and emotion.

We can study intelligently the growth, the flower, and the fading of Taylor's powers; as few great authors have done, he appears in his consummate splendors within the brief space of five years, from 1650 to 1655.

A convincing argument for Taylor's excellence lies in the mention of him in Pepys' Diary, 1655, November 28: "Borrowed Dr. Taylor's Sermons and is a most excellent booke and worth my buying."

Francis Jeffrey said of him (Moulton 207, b):

"There is in any one of the prose folios of Jeremy Taylor more fine fancy and original imagery—more brilliant conceptions and glowing expressions—more new figures, and new applications of old figures—more, in short, of the body and the soul of poetry, than in all the odes and the epics that have since been produced in Europe!"

We may not choose to endorse all that Rust said of him:

"To these advantages of nature and excellency of his spirit he added an indefatigable industry, and God gave a plentiful benediction; for there were very few kinds of learning but he was a mystes and a great master in them. . . . This great prelate had the good humor of a gentleman, the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, the acuteness of a schoolman, the profoundness of a philosopher, the wisdom of a counsellor, the sagacity of a prophet, the reason of an angel, and the piety of a saint; he had devotion enough for a cloister, learning enough for an university, and wit enough for a college of

virtuosi: and, had his parts and endowments been parcelled out among his poor Clergy that he left behind him, it would, perhaps, have made one of the best dioceses in the world." (Rust, George, 1667; Funeral Sermon. Moulton, II:203.)

Isaac Barrow (1630-1677) dying when forty-seven and leaving a name as a theologian and preacher, as well as the greatest mathematician of his age, save only Newton whom he discovered and trained.

The events of his life may be briefly stated. Born and died in London: scholar at Trinity, Cambridge, and Fellow at nineteen; four years' travel on the continent: Professor of Geometry at Gresham College. In 1663 first Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge which six years later he resigned in favor of Newton; Chaplain to Charles II; Master of Trinity College in 1672.

Barrow was one of your husky, athletic divines. As a boy he was a great fighter and his father prayed that if it pleased God to take away any of his children, it might be his son Isaac. That is a fascinating description given of him by John Aubrey. "He feared not any man. He would fight with the butchers' boys in St. Nicolas Shambles and be hard enough for any of them.

At Constantinople, being in company with English merchants, there was a bully who would fight any man and bragged of his valor, and dared any man there to try him. So no man accepting his challenge, said Isaac (not then a divine), 'Why if none else will try you, I will'; and fell upon him and chastised him handsomely that he vaunted no more among them." He was very slovenly about his personal appearance. Taking the place of a London rector, the congregation saw a pale, unpromising looking man in the pulpit, with his collar unbuttoned and his hair uncombed. In St. James's Park, with his hat up, his cloak half on and half off, a gentleman came behind him and clapped him on the shoulder and said: "Go thy ways for the veriest scholar that ever I met with."

He must have been unmerciful in length, possibly because he was never settled over a parish. For the same reason, the discourses lack the sense of an auditory, reflex effect on the preacher of having a body of people before him to be instructed. The pulpit hour glass, when he preached before the Lord Mayor of London, was thrice turned, with the strange reminder, "another glass." The sermon took three hours and a half. Some one asked him if he was not tired. "Yes," he replied, "it makes me tired to stand so

long." And yet there was reason in all he brought forward. If he exhausted his audience, he exhausted a subject and was justly criticized by Charles II as leaving nothing to be said by the man who followed him. Once, preaching at Westminster Abbey, the Dean told him not to be long as the congregation were in the habit of listening to short addresses. Barrow produced the sermon. The Dean begged him to give them only the first part. Barrow felt abashed at being so cut down: as it was it took an hour and a half. The Dean, being faulted for this, declared that the congregation remembered a previous effort of Barrow's and dispersed in considerable numbers in the midst of the homily. The vergers, who receive fees from visitors for showing them round the Abbey at the close of the service, lost their receipts and it was resolved that on his next appearance they should ask the organist to play him down.

All who have ever had part in the examination of candidates for Orders must enjoy the account of Barrow's examination. The Bishop possibly meant to be brief and asked three questions of the students standing before him in a row.

"Quid est fides?"

Barrow, near the end of the row had time to think, and answered:

"Quod non vides."

"Excellenter," said the Bishop, and put his second question:

"Quid est spes?"

The quick answer came:

"Non-dum res"; and the old Bishop cried:

"Excellentius." The third was:

"Quid est caritas?" and Barrow answered:

"Ah, magister, id est raritas."

"Excellentissime" shouted the bishop; "aut Erasmus es aut diabolus."

One wonders what would have been seen if Barrow could have lived thirty years longer. By the early age of forty-seven he had taken the supreme fame of mathematician, of a geometric controversialist, and of a mighty preacher, save only that the people of his day—who were used to long sermons—voted him wearisome. He was a classical scholar of boundless attainments and still a man of sweet, amiable, blameless, self-sacrificing Christian character.

As a preacher he is remarkable rather for richness of thought and fullness in dealing with shades of expression. Take the sermon on wit which is fairly portentous as an analysis. His sermons are not so much orations as arguments, less appeals to popular emotion than logical statements and massive structures of reasoning.

Taine well says of him:

"He had a geometrical method and clearness, an inexhaustible fertility, extraordinary impetuosity and tenacity of logic, writing the same sermon three or four times over; insatiable in his craving to train and prove, obstinately confined to his already-overflowing thoughts, with a minuteness of division, an exactness of connection, a superfluity of explanation so astonishing that the hearer at last gives in; and yet the mind turns with the vast mechanism, carried away and doubled up as by the rolling weight of a flattening machine."

Great in science, great in controversy, his supreme claim to fame is still as a preacher—unrivalled as a classic scholar and as a collector of learning. His whole wealth of endowment in erudition, in a certain charming clearness and exhaustiveness, his deep knowledge of our humanity, and his elevated character, were all visible in these sermons which are rather treatises—monographs, as we should say—sermons too long even for the inexhaustible patience of his own generation. These discourses to-day sparkle with happy expressions and delight the mind with the pursuit of an idea to its ultimate form.

As an illustration of Barrow's power of analy-

sis, I would mention his description of facetiousness or wit in his sermon against foolish talking and jesting, Ephesians V:4. What, he asks, is meant by wit? And he replies:

"It is that which we all see and know: any one better comprehends what it is by acquaintance than I can inform him by description: It is indeed a thing so versatile and multiform; appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs; so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the floating air. Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale; sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound: sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of humorous expression; sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude; sometimes it is lodged in a slight question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting or cleverly retorting an objection; sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions or an acute nonsense; sometimes

scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture passeth for it; sometimes an affected simplicity; sometimes a presumptuous bluntness giveth it being; sometimes it riseth from a lucky hitting upon what is strange; sometimes from a crafty resting obvious matter to the purpose; often it consisteth in one knows not what, and springing up one can hardly tell how."

He then passes on to set forth at length nine different ways in which such wit may be pardonable or excellent, and seven respects in which it is sinful.

While at every point the life of the Church to-day differs from that of the Church three hundred years ago, there is still much in the preaching in the Anglican Church that should be remembered by those who would mold religious thought and life to-day, and who would apply all their powers to the statement of religious truth. For one difference we can never be sufficiently grateful—the divorce of religion and government. The evils of an established faith were so apparent to our forefathers that they made one of the conditions of free government to be absolute separation of the spiritual from the political functions. We must remember that the men selected for honor by Charles I were soon compelled to choose

between the royal service and friendship with the Parliamentarians. With the death—or as some prefer to call it, the martyrdom—of Charles I, these men were pursued as traitors, or fled into obscurity. To-day favorites of the Court, to-morrow they were living without emoluments, endeavoring to support their families by farming, by school teaching, by literary hack work. When the Commonwealth ended and the restoration of the Stuarts was effected, these men came out of hiding and some few were promoted and died in peace and in plenty. Whatever their abilities or Christian character had been, they were at the mercy of the government which changed with remorseless frequency.

Surely it is not the English people who pass through such vicissitudes of religious belief in a generation or two. When King Edward died, the nation appeared tired of Protestantism and ready for a return to Rome. In six years, Mary's reign is over and Romanism is detested. Elizabeth left the country seemingly wholly Anglican. James sees the structure of a reformed England weakened and ready to fall. Charles I all but destroys the Church of England and builds up the influence of Puritanism which draws into its following, not merely those whose theological opinions influenced them, but those who believed

that Puritanism was the only haven of political liberty. The reason, at least in part, would appear to be that men's religious belief is dependent not altogether on reason and argument, but on the tendencies of the hour, and on their associations and on their sympathies. Let us be thankful that the mistakes of the leaders teach their descendants wisdom, and let us be thankful that we in America have so far followed the principle which separates Church and State.

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